MAY 17
1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Which will he marry? by Sophie Kerr—See Page 3

EDITORIAL PAGE

MAY 17, 1924 VOL. 1, NUMBER 2

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HATE WAR BUT PREPARE AGAINST IT.

Virtually all Americans hate war. We hate it because it means suffering, moral and physical. We hate it because it means high taxes. We hate it because it interrupts our normal lives and takes us from the activities which interest us.

When professional pacifists talk of "war lovers" they might as well talk of toothache lovers. There are in this country about as many of the one as of the other. And this is true of all other modern civilized peoples.

But that does not prevent wars. It does not prevent wars because there are things which people hate worse than war; there are things which people would rather have than peace. Our forefathers preferred war to peace without independence. Our fathers preferred war to peace with disunion. Can any one doubt that we, though we hate war, would prefer it to invasion and a foreign rule?

Many good men and women in their intense hatred of war ignore these truths. They think that wars come because men do not hate war. Therefore they think that all that is necessary is to teach hatred of war. They preach that if the American people will hate war and cultivate the peace spirit they can escape war. But they forget that—as we know by what has happened in our own time, to say nothing of past times—nations sometimes make war and sometimes have war thrust upon them. The old saying, "It takes two to make a quarrel," is not true. No people can save themselves from war merely by hating war unless they are willing to yield to any demand made upon them. The Americans are not such a people. It is not common sense to say that if we hate war we shall not make war, or that if we do not prepare to fight we shall not fight. For we have never made war because we loved war nor avoided war merely because we hated it.

Pacifists who resist all efforts to put the nation in a position to carry on war if war comes are not preventing war, but making war more probable. Weakness invites attack and therefore the wisest and greatest of our statesmen, Washington, has said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." He did not say that to be prepared for war would insure the keeping of peace. No such insurance has yet been invented. He did not say that to be prepared for war is the only effectual means of keeping peace. A desire for peace is also one of the most effectual means of keeping the peace, and there is no people in the world who have a more sincere desire for peace than the American. But, since neither the hatred of war prevents war nor the desire for peace insures peace, it is common sense to prepare to carry on war if war comes.

The greatest of all the world's teachers of peace said: "When a strong man keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Fannie Hurst and V. Blasco Ibanez

are the headliners of an all-star cast which has produced a magazine of absorbing interest.

FANNIE HURST
P. & A. Photo

PROPINQUITY—How daily contact—milady's stays over the back of a chair and the collar-button spot on John's Adam's apple—ruin the illusions of love-making and cause the scandals of the divorce court, are discussed by Miss Hurst. Miss Hurst and her husband had the courage some years ago to announce to the world that they would avoid the "perils of propinquity" by limiting themselves to "three breakfasts a week."

A skillful analyst, experienced wife and brilliant writer, Miss Hurst has produced in this article a vigorous, meaty indictment of *Propinquity*.

Condemned is a tragic short story, unique in conception, told in Ibanez' vivid style. He, as you will remember, is author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

Prospective *June Brides* and grooms ought to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the *Ten Commandments to Make Marriage Happy* as the earnest county clerk of Centreville has drawn them up. And *After the Honeymoon*—second of Frederic Arnold Kummer's "Five Crises in a Woman's Life"—is another article of especially timely interest.

Discussing *Is the Vice President Important?*, Arthur Sears Henning points out how public and politicians have, in the last few years, come to recognize the necessity of choosing for the office a strong, capable man who will take a big part in the nation's affairs.

And don't miss the beginning of *John Taintor Foote's* great series: *Trub's Diary*.

V. BLASCO IBANEZ

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE
On Sale on Newsstands
WEDNESDAY, MAY 21

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. No manuscripts received unless fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage enclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada and Mexico. No subscription for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by the Coloroto Corporation, 25 Park Pl., New York, U. S. A., and Tribune Square, Chicago, U. S. A., J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer. S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. Entry as second class applied for at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Which—Will He Marry?

By SOPHIE KERR

Even if the landlady didn't ask her to leave next morning.

Pictures by GEORGE O'NEILL

She'll have only dullards who weary her even to look at.

The BUSINESS WOMAN vs. the WOMAN of LEISURE!

THE lady had been talking interminably, and the day was hot, so I made no more than the barest pretense of listening, just saying "Yes" and "No" and "Really!" when she paused for breath. Suddenly through the stream of banal bromides there came a sentence which galvanized me to attention, to interest, and to ribald laughter.

"Nice that you have a job," the lady was remarking patronizingly. "*Very* nice! I think it's splendid for women to have some sort of work to do. It makes them so much less dangerous to men."

Women with a job much less dangerous to men! Are we, indeed! Was it a slam or a compliment? Was it the truth? What did she mean—dangerous? Even now I do not know, but it opens up a wide field of amusing conjecture.

My best guess is that the lady in question, who has several sons, sees every unmarried woman as a being with just one purpose in life—to lure a man into matrimony. And she thought, of course, that a girl who has to earn her own living, working all day and occasionally all evening, too, would have less time and opportunity to plot and plan and scheme her nefarious schemes.

Now, personally, nothing makes me so froth with rage as the assumption that every unmarried woman is actively and consciously seeking to marry; yearning to marry, measuring every unattached man she meets with a view to permanent annexation. Like many other popular jokes, it isn't so.

ALL this is, perhaps, somewhat aside from the subject of this article—as to whether business women or women of leisure have the better chance to marry. (*Chance* is an accurately descriptive word in this connection.) But first it is well to clear the air, and also to examine a little the conditions.

It is natural for young men and young girls to like to be together. A stag party or an all-girl party once in a while is all very well, but it is more fun for both men and girls if they can dance together, dine together, talk together, and play together.

Now, the girl of leisure—who must have a home of her own and independent means or she wouldn't be at leisure—has certain definite advantages over the business girl. She has a background, a setting that definitely places her status in the mind of every man she meets.

This alone means much. She does not need to rely wholly on her personality. She can entertain, conventionally. She is always ready for gayety because her time is her own. There is no obligatory "nine to five" cutting up her day or fatiguing her for the evening.

Naturally the girl of leisure has far more time to spend in adorning her person — shall we use the flapper dialect and say "dolling up"? — to keeping her frocks fresh, in trying out the latest fashion of hairdressing and of lipsticks. She has a chance for rest, for a slow and careful toilette, from which she can emerge with every charm at its height, whereas the business girl, who leaps from the office to a party with fifteen minutes to bathe, do her hair, and get into her frock and slippers, will inevitably show signs of her haste and the attendant strain.

Grant all these things. But ah, suppose the girl of leisure lives in a small town or little city whence all the best and smartest young men have long since fled to the metropolis, leaving only the morons and the nitwits, the never-wases and the never-will-bes — what then?

Then is her case sad indeed. No matter how fresh and charming she may be, instead of associates of her own type of mind and character she'll have only dullards who weary her even to look at. She will have chances to marry, doubtless—but what chances? If she does marry she'll have to take a man who mentally and spiritually is less than herself, and

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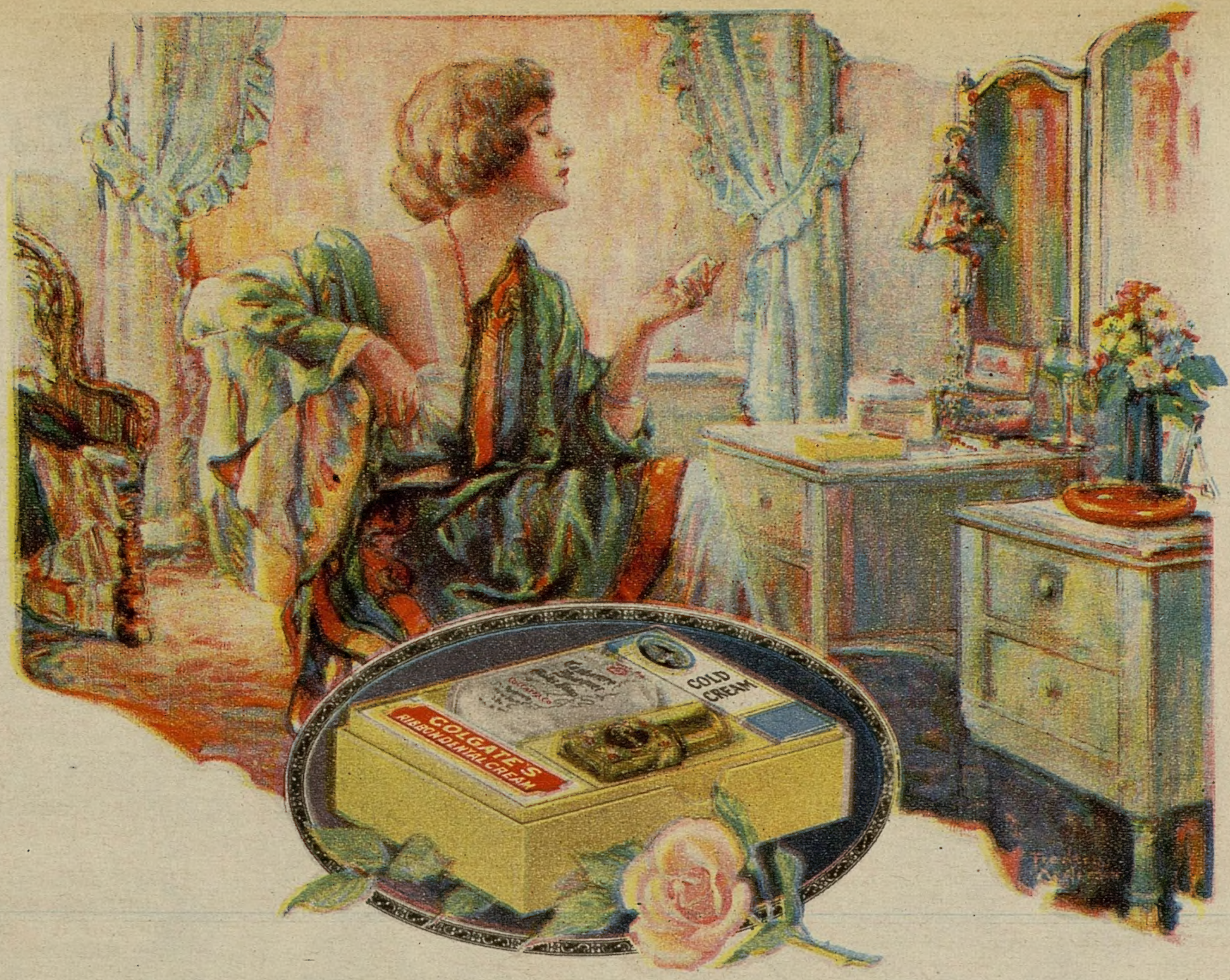

A Souvenir for Colgate Friends

"I never imagined Colgate made so many things!" exclaimed a girl as she saw this list of Colgate products. "Why, they make toilet articles for every one in the family—even the baby!"

THE attractive Beauty Box illustrated above is for our friends—for all who use three or more Colgate articles, or for those who will go to their favorite store and buy three Colgate articles.

The Colgate Beauty Box—a lovely assortment of dainty toilet accessories—is ideal to slip into your bag for the week-end trip. Or, in your guest room, it affords a thoughtful finishing touch.

The Beauty Box is not sold at stores. It is sent direct from Colgate's to Colgate households—to all who check and send in the coupon. Each Beauty Box contains a generous sample of our delightful Colgate toilet articles:

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM — the right dentifrice for smiling teeth.

COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP — as sweet as a bride's bouquet.

COLGATE'S CHARMIS COLD CREAM—freshly fragrant.

COLGATE'S FLORIENT TOILET WATER — a dainty vial — the mystic perfume of "Flowers of the Orient."

Into Colgate articles go rare essences, charm-giving compounds and alluring fragrances from far-off Eastern gardens.

Be sure to check on the coupon the Colgate articles you use. Only by so doing and enclosing twenty cents to help cover packing costs can you secure the box. Write your name and address plainly so your Beauty Box can be sent without delay.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

List for Checking Colgate Articles in Your Home

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199 Fulton St., New York City

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- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Water
- ☐ La France Rose Water
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Toilet Water
- ☐ Lilac Imperial Water
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Soap
- ☐ Big Bath or Allround Soap
- ☐ Colgate's Coleo Soap
- ☐ Hard Water Soap
- ☐ Mechanics' Soap Paste
- ☐ Natural Soap or Palm Oil Soap
- ☐ Perfumes by ounce
- ☐ Perfumes in packages
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Talc
- ☐ Baby Talc, Cashmere Bouquet, Violet
- ☐ Mirage Cream (Vanishing)
- ☐ Charmis Cold Cream
- ☐ Rapid-Shave Cream or Rapid-Shave Powder
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Refill Sticks
- ☐ Colgate's Bandoline or Brillantine
- ☐ Compact Face Powder or Compact Rouge
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Face Powder
- ☐ Smelling Salts or Extract Vials

Name _____

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Haftel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

she'll add one more to the growing list of discontented wives.

It isn't a pretty picture, this, but it's a true one. And God help the poor creature unless her children inherit some of her own brain quality, for in that case she can forget her dreary wifehood and hide it behind the radiance of a successful motherhood.

BUT what about the equally sad case of the girl who leaves her home and her family and all the familiar homely, friendly life of the small town to go to a big city and work there? Isolated, lonely, the tiniest cog in the big machine of business, she is a most familiar figure in fiction, in drama, on the screen. Her forlornities, her dreary lonesomeness have been related in many forms many times.

If a business girl alone in the big city does not shortly find congenial friends, she is either cursed with a most unfortunate temperament or she is exceedingly ignorant of how to go about it. There are always other girls in the office who will be amiable. There are native State societies to be joined.

If she wants to improve herself, to gain knowledge of languages or art, there are plenty of evening schools waiting for her. Just now there is the need of teaching English to foreigners, something which many business girls are doing for two or three evenings a week.

Not all of these occupations will at once surround her with a circle of girls and men her own age—but they will all start her in the way of making contacts, establishing herself, putting down roots, giving herself a definite place in the life of the city. A certain amount of diverting social activity is bound to follow.

Then comes the problem of the conventions. Let us suppose that the business girl does know some young men, and that they like her and are pleasantly attentive to her.

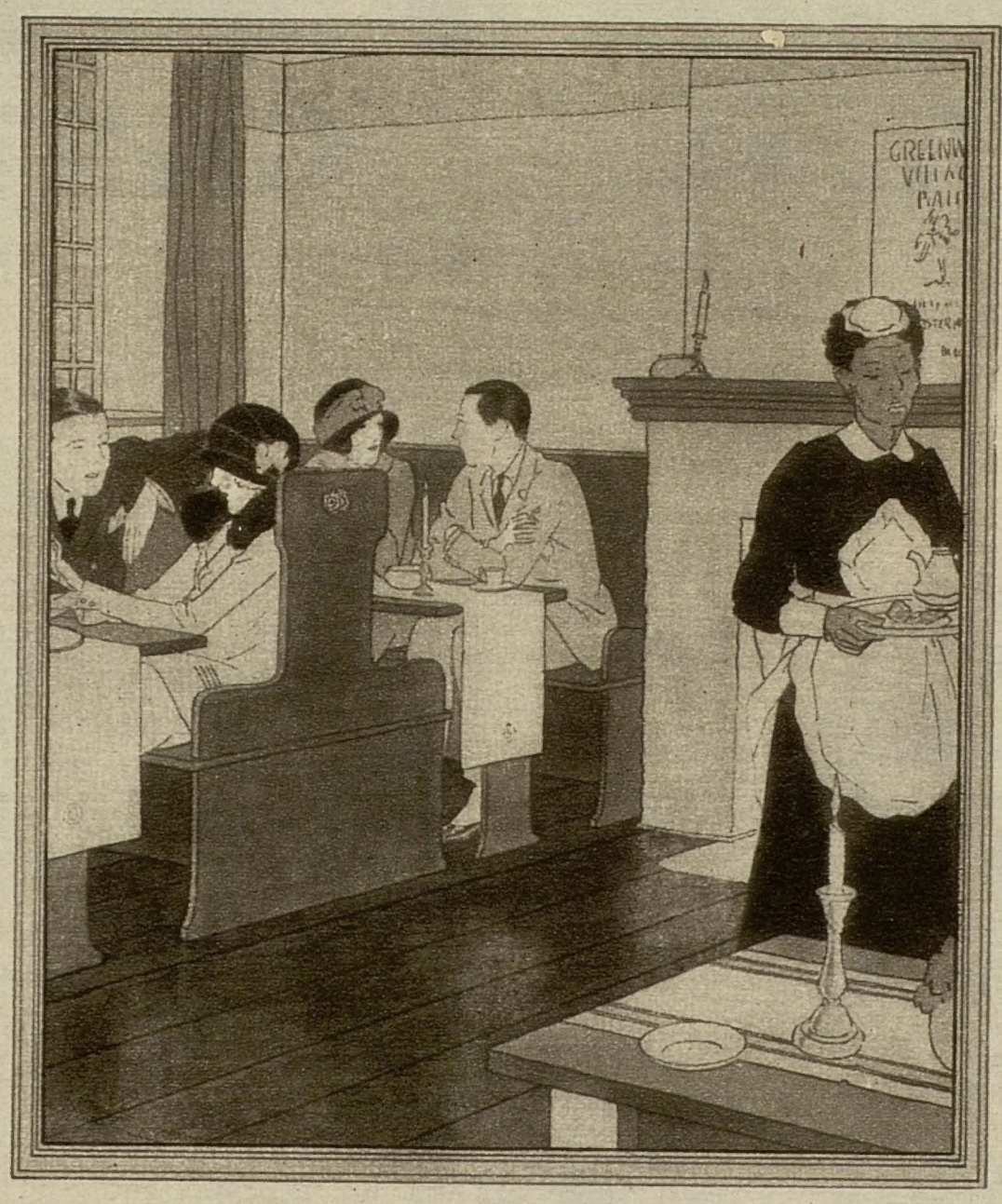
She hasn't any place to receive them—there's the first trouble. If she's living in a rooming house she can't have them in her own room, for it is too personal and intimate and would be embarrassing for both of them, even if the landlady didn't ask her to leave the next morning. If she's in a boarding house, even a boarding house with a "parlor for guests," there is no privacy, no ease, no real homelike atmosphere, with all the male and female old maids who inhabit boarding houses peeping and peering. When two young things have reached that degree of romantic Fahrenheit where eavesdroppers are not to be endured, they must of necessity seek privacy in the crowd. You see them at any moderate-priced restaurant, scores of couples.

Please notice also that among these suitors there is very seldom one of the men who work in the girl's own office. It is very disillusionizing to work beside a man day after day and see his weaknesses, his foibles, his pretensions, his little foolish habits, his selfishness, his bluff. There is no mask of being agreeable to soften the relations of the man and woman in business side by side.

Of course, once in a while they *do* fall in love and marry, but not often. It is a real love match when they do, and bound to be happy.

Perhaps this would be a good moment to tell the business man's wife who pictures her husband's confidential secretary as an adoring and dangerous siren that she would be surprised and even enraged if she knew that young woman's real opinion of her boss. Romantic glamour is not part of the business atmosphere.

THE business girl who earns enough salary to do it is wise to join with two or three other business girls and rent a little apartment where a real home may be obtained. Fudge can be made in the kitchenette, sardines may be grilled, welsh rarebits concocted, or just a cup of hot chocolate made after an evening at the movies, with quite a flavor of domesticity. Parties can be given, too, and the girl of leisure met and combated right on her own ground, as it were.



"You see them at any moderate-priced restaurant, scores of couples."

The two, three, or four girls who form this partnership usually have a working agreement as to young men. If Jane's suitor is coming, Joan and Jennie either have a date for the pictures, or remain in obscurity out of the picture.

The girl of leisure, even the one with a comfortable home and complacent parents willing to let her entertain her friends as much as she likes, cannot have the same sort of independent social life as the business girl living in her own apartment.

Moreover, there is always the underlying suspicion that the girl of leisure has nothing else to do but get married, and the young man who shows her much attention must be prepared also to offer his heart and hand and incipient bank account.

With the business girl the wary man may be easier. She has other interests—and she hasn't the least hesitancy in making them known.

And consider this: Most young men who are worth a tinker's dam are at work themselves, and keep exactly the same hours as the business girl. Nor do they, if they are ambitious and sensible, want to be out dancing late every night, or attending parties that do not end until two o'clock in the morning. They have exactly the same amount of time for social life that the business girls have.

The independence of the business girl, the fact that when she wants a new hat or any jolly little bit of extravagance she has to ask no one for the wherewithal to buy it, sometimes is so pleasant to her that she deliberately evades marriage, and will have none of it. If she is deeply interested in her work, just so much less alluring does matrimony become.

Some day, I hope, this problem of the woman who wants to work, and wants to have a home and children, too, may be successfully solved, in some such way, perhaps, as part-time employment or coöperative housekeeping for families.

Now it is still a problem, and the clever girl who is doing fine work which absorbs and pleases her, and nets her a good income as well, is not likely to hear the dictum, "Woman's place is in the home," with any idea of submission.

BUT I find myself talking about marriage itself and not the chances of it—and here we come to the real crux of the matter, and the point which every one seems to see, but refuses to comprehend. Listen, and I'll tell you the great secret: Business or leisure, neither of them has much to do with a girl's chance of marriage. The thing that draws men, that makes them follow one girl and neglect another, is that mysterious "char-rum" which Barrie's Maggie so longed for in that inimitable play, What Every Woman Knows.

Call it personality, call it magnetism, call it charm, there is something about some women which draws men after them and makes them sought for as wives, while others go to a lonely spinsterhood. Lucy Leisure may have all the French frocks in the world, her mother may give the most wonderful parties for her, but if she hasn't "char-rum" she'll never have a proposal of marriage, though she may meet dozens of eligible young men.

Meanwhile Sally Secretary may be working eight hours a day, living in a furnished room, and have only the simplest frocks and cheapest hats, but if she has "char-rum," men of all degree will follow her, will make a way to meet her, and will offer their hands, hearts, and bank accounts for her acceptance.

You may not want to believe it, but it's eternally true, that it's the come-hither that makes marriage. Not frocks, not parties, not common sense, not intelligence, not a clever tongue, nor a pretty face, nor a gracious manner—but just one thing—"that damned char-rum," as Maggie's brother called it. And if you've got it, you don't need anything else. And if you haven't got it—well, but why worry? There are lots of thrilling things to do in the world of women nowadays besides matrimony.

THE END

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

You will find long life and complete comfort in either style of Paris Wide-weave—single grip or double grip. Because most men appreciate the wide difference between wide garters, they emphasize Paris for quality and service. Own an extra pair of Paris so you can always have a clean, crisp, fresh pair handy.

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WIDEWEAVE
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and
up to $1.00

WIDEWEAVE
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as low as 50¢
and
up to $1.00

There are enough men wearing Paris Garters to elect the next President—EASILY!

Temporarily

Out *of* Order!

A Gay Golf Story of Love—Lost and Found

By William Slavens McNutt

Pictures by TONY SARG

"I mean to do what I'm going to do," Henry said. "That's to knock you cock-eyed."

HE'D lost both his job and his girl and then he'd let his bitter rival kid him out of winning the most important golf match of the year. But along came little Red Dorgan, the caddie who had caused it all, and . . . But you'd better read it yourself.

THEOPHILUS K. SCRUGHAM: there was a name to set to grand opera! How well do I remember the first time I saw the assemblage of flesh and blood and bones that belonged to that astounding arrangement of letters.

I was sitting on the veranda of the Carter Brook Country Club up near Cartersville, Connecticut, when Henry Bates came along with a stranger in tow and stopped in front of my chair.

"George," he said to me, "I want you to meet Mr. Scrugham. Theophilus K. Scrugham. Mr. Scrugham, this is Mr. Hager, George Hager."

Mr. Scrugham was a sort of a blonde Valentino, only not so dashing. No dash at all, as a matter of fact. But neat. Hot dog! Neat and clean. He reminded me a little of an operating room—neat and clean and modern, but unpleasant. He was about thirty years old and had a soap ad complexion, a thin nose, a high forehead, and a mean, tight little doo-dad of a thin red mouth; in addition to which he wore horn rim specs and held himself erect. Chin in, chest out. Noticeably so. That was him.

"Scrugham?" I said, trying not to act surprised. "Scrugham?"

"I deliberately took the name of Theophilus K. Scrugham because it attracts attention," he told me. "The promotion of efficiency is my business in life, and to be efficient a name should first attract attention and, second, should be easily remembered. I was christened Fred Brown. Stupid! Hundreds of thousands of Freds in the world and hundreds of thousands of Browns. But Theophilus K. Scrugham! That's a *name*."

"You're a friend of Henry's," I said, "so I'll take your word for it."

Just then Reddy Dorgan, one of our page boys, came out on the porch calling: "Scrugham! Mr. Scrugham! Call for Mr. Theophilus K. Scrugham!"

"Who is calling me?" said Theophilus.

"Miss Morgan's waiting for you in the lobby, sir," said Red. "She asked me to tell you."

"Why don't you stand up straight?" Theophilus snapped at the boy.

"He's nice, ain't he?" said Reddy as Theophilus walked away. "I took ice water to his room this mornin' an' he kep' me waitin' while he explained why he never tipped. It's bad enough to get done out of your dime without havin' to stand an' listen while a guy proves he's a hero for not givin' you anything."

"THEOPHILUS is a pleasant little pastime, isn't he?" I said to Henry when Red had finished and gone on his way. "Popular with all. Who is he anyhow?"

"My boss," said Henry gloomily.

"Your boss!" I said, sitting up straight all of a sudden.

The statement was enough to make anybody sit up. Henry was general manager of the Household Needs Manufacturing Company in Cartersville, and the only boss he had had since he had been promoted to that position five years before was old Alex Morgan, the owner and president of the company.

Everybody supposed that Henry was as solid in his job there as the foundation of a skyscraper. He had nearly doubled the business during the time he had been in charge there, and, while the engagement had never been announced, every one expected Henry to make a match of it with Mary Morgan, old Alex's daughter.

They were like cream and sugar, those two; just naturally went together. They made a wonderful pair and appeared to be devoted to each other. Apparently also old Alex was delighted with the prospect of having Henry for a son-in-law.

So naturally I got a shock when Henry informed me that Scrugham was his boss.

"Your boss!" I said again. "What's the idea?"

"It amounts to that," Henry said gloomily. "He's an efficiency expert. Industrial physician he calls himself. He's made a rep with a lot of big people as a reorganizer of ailing concerns, and somehow he sold himself to Morgan. He'll only be here for a few months, of course, but he has complete authority while he's here."

"But, good Lord, Henry," I said. "The Household Needs Manufacturing Company isn't ailing, is it?"

"Just what I told Morgan," said Henry.

"It's a darn shame," I said. "You've made good with that business. If I were you I'd tell old Alex Morgan where he got off and hand him my resignation."

"I'd like to," he said, wistfully.

"Why don't you?" I asked.

Henry sighed and shrugged and gestured with his head. I looked and saw Theophilus K. Scrugham walking down the driveway with Mary Morgan.

"O," I said. "I get you."

"She seems to have taken quite a liking to him," Henry said gloomily. "All in all, it looks as though I were in for a nice summer!"

MARY was not the only one who took quite a liking to Theophilus. He was like a contagious disease. Nearly every one around the club caught him. He being an efficiency expert, they got together and appointed him as an honorary advisory member on all the committees and then did whatever he suggested.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

VISION

WINS

$4,000

Second Prize in $25,000 Contest to Obtain Name for This New National Weekly

CHARLES A EYPPER AND HIS FAMILY

CHARLES A. EYPPER of Guttenberg, New Jersey, is the winner of the second prize of $4,000 in the $25,000 contest which has just been concluded to obtain the best name and slogan for this new national weekly.

The name Mr. Eypper suggested is Vision, and the slogan to go with it is "For Young and Old."

Announcement of Mr. Eypper's victory leaves only one more prize winner to be named by the judges in the remarkable competition which has attracted attention all over the world. Liberty, the name with which this weekly has been christened, won the first prize of $20,000 for George A. Elwell of 1025 Lois Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, a week ago.

The winner of the remaining $1,000 third award will be announced in our next issue, out Wednesday, May 21.

Like Mr. Elwell, Mr. Eypper has been having some hard luck of late. He recently was thrown out of employment through the dissolution of a firm for which he had worked many years.

Mr. Eypper's family is of Flemish origin, but his father was born in Strasbourg and came to this country in the early fifties. The family went first to New Orleans, but that city was being swept by yellow fever, so the Eyppers moved to Guttenberg, New Jersey, in 1853.

Years passed and the future winner of the $4,000 name contest prize, who was born in 1869, began his business career as an office boy for the American Cotton Oil Company in Guttenberg. He gained a series of promotions until finally he was assistant manager.

In 1907 he was elected mayor of Guttenberg—its first mayor under its new city form of government. His father, a Civil War veteran, had been councilman at large, and he himself had been a councilman.

As mayor of his home town, Mr. Eypper had the welfare of the children at heart. He had two of his own, Alton, now 19 years old, and Dorothy May, now Mrs. Brisbey, 26 years old. So the new mayor proceeded to give children's excursions, supplying free tickets to mothers and children. They gave him a silver cup which he still treasures.

Misconduct was alleged in the Guttenberg city government. Mayor Eypper found it out, and corrected it. So the grateful citizens gave him a second silver cup. After serving as mayor for six years he retired in 1913.

* * *

Meantime he was steadily making progress as the assistant manager of the American Cotton Oil Company. Then came the first stroke of ill luck. The company liquidated its affairs and Mr. Eypper was out of a job—for the first time in thirty-four years.

But, although Mr. Eypper did not know it at the time, good fortune was still with him. For his family had begun reading The Daily News, New York's Picture Newspaper, and presently there arrived on the front doorstep a copy of The News telling of the $25,000 Name Contest conducted by this weekly.

* * *

Mr. Eypper read of the contest. He began to see the Vision.

"I've always liked to write," he said. "In fact, if opportunity had offered I might have followed a literary career.

* * *

"When I read about the name contest, I made up my mind to take a hand in it. The whole family was interested, but my son Alton and myself worked out the names that were submitted. I read that the new weekly was to diffuse general knowledge, and to provide in one publication the reading matter that various magazines provide separately, so I framed my names accordingly. All told, I sent in about half a dozen names and slogans."

The Winner of the Third Prize of $1,000 in the $25,000 Contest to Obtain a Name for This New National Weekly Will Be Announced in Our Next Issue, on sale on Newsstands Next Wednesday, May 21.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

He made up enough rules to run an army and then pussyfooted around personally to see that everybody obeyed all of them.

I was sitting in the lobby one afternoon when he came in, stopped in front of our one coin box telephone booth, and let out a roar.

A yellow sign reading "Temporarily Out of Order" was hanging on the door.

"Where's that boy Reddy Dorgan?" he yelped. "Find him for me. I want an explanation of this."

He paced up and down, glaring at the sign and muttering to himself, while the entire employed personnel of the club and most of the members hunted for Reddy Dorgan in vain. Finally Theophilus summoned the clerk from behind the desk.

"How long has that been out of order?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir," said the clerk, trembling. "You know you made it Dorgan's business to look out for it."

"I know I did," said Theophilus. "I told him to report to you immediately if this thing got out of whack again. Where is he?"

"I—I can't keep an eye on him every minute, sir," the clerk stammered.

Theophilus snorted and yanked open the door of the booth. Then he gave a startled yell and jumped back. We all looked to see what had frightened him.

There in the booth, his thin little body all scrouged up and with a small cushion behind his head, sat Reddy Dorgan, sound asleep. The little devil had slipped in there for forty winks, hung the "Temporarily Out of Order" sign outside to make sure he wasn't disturbed, and then overslept himself.

We all started to laugh, but Theophilus snarled like a mean old dog, reached into the booth, grabbed poor little Reddy by the collar, and snaked him out. Then he grabbed the sign off the telephone booth and, with that in one hand and Reddy in the other, made for the door, shaking the bewildered, half-awake kid at every step.

"*I'll* teach you!" he snarled, as he gave the kid the bum's rush out on to the porch. "Thought that was funny, didn't you? See if you can keep on laughing while you hunt for another job. You get off this property now and take this sign with you and don't you ever come back. You're fired! Get!"

He stuck the sign in Reddy's hand and gave the boy a push. The kid reeled, stumbled, went tumbling down the steps head over heels, scrambled to his feet, and ran.

AND just then Henry Bates, who'd been sitting in a chair on the veranda, came charging up with fire in his eyes and ambition in both fists.

"I've said nothing while you made a mess out of my job and tried to get *me* in wrong with my best friends," he said. "I want you to understand that the licking I'm going to give you is not for anything you've done to *me*, but for what you just did to that kid. Put up your hands and fight!"

"I didn't mean to shove him off the porch," Theophilus said, backing away.

"I mean to do what *I'm* going to do," Henry said, following him up. "That's to knock you cock-eyed, lop-eared, and lantern-jawed all in one punch. Here she comes!"

Just as Henry whanged away at Theophilus I saw Mary Morgan step out on to the porch from the writing room. She was just in time to see Henry strike and Theophilus fall. Theophilus went down as though he'd been hit in the heart with a rifle bullet, and lay dead quiet, all stretched out on his back with his eyes closed.

Mary Morgan ran to him and knelt down and lifted his head in her arms.

"Get a doctor," she said. "He's hurt."

Then she looked up at Henry.

"You're just a beast!" she said. "I don't want ever to have anything to do with you again!"

Henry started to splutter some reply, but I got him by the arm and dragged him away just as Doctor Fletcher came hurrying out from the dining room to look Theophilus over.

Theophilus gave a startled yell and jumped back. There in the booth sat Reddy Dorgan fast asleep.

Theophilus shivered and opened his eyes, and sat up just as Doc Fletcher was leaning over to listen to his heart. When they asked him where he had been hit, he shrugged and smiled.

"O, it was nothing," he said weakly. "Let's not talk about it."

And everybody said wasn't it nice of him to take it that way!

Then he made his score for the afternoon perfect by looking Henry up and forgiving him publicly.

"No hard feelings, I hope," he said, holding out his hand to Henry where Mary Morgan and a lot of other people could see. "I didn't really think you were going to hit me, or I might have been on my guard. If you had just given me time to explain I would have told you I didn't push that Dorgan boy off the porch. I was holding him by the shoulder and he gave a sudden jerk to pull loose and stumbled and fell. However, we'll let bygones be bygones, eh?"

And there he stood, apparently an abused and forgiving saint, holding out his hand to the rude brute who had struck him without cause. And there stood Henry, bewildered, hurt, justly angry, and helpless to do anything to make his case better. Naturally he did something to make his case worse.

"You go to hell, you filthy little double crosser," he said, and turned and walked away from him.

The next day Henry offered his resignation from his job at the factory and Alex Morgan accepted it without question. In the evening of that same day Henry met Mary Morgan at the club and she refused to speak to him. Turned him down cold. As Henry had said in the beginning, it looked like a nice summer for him. It sure did!

II.

AT least Henry took his beating without trying to cover up. He showed up at the club every day and played golf, and did his stuff at the dances in the evening with a smile on his face. But he was badly hurt and he couldn't wipe the record of his injury out of his eyes, no matter what sort of camouflage he made with the rest of his features.

Every year we have a special mixed four ball match with the Lone Elm Country Club, our best man and best woman players against theirs. We choose the two players who are to represent us by an elimination contest. Mary Morgan won hands down in the woman's elimination, and Henry Bates and Theophilus K. Scrugham went to the finals in the men's play.

Now Henry was three or four strokes the best golfer we had in the Carter Brook Club. Theophilus shot a good safe monotonous game that was hard for any one except a really good golfer to beat, but, as I say, Henry was a really good golfer. He could take Theophilus an average of twenty-four out of twenty-five rounds of play, and when we learned that they were to meet in the finals I was much chirked up, because I was sure that at least we were going to have the chance to see Henry give Theophilus a long overdue licking.

The night before the match was to be played it looked as though Theophilus had realized this and was going to dog it. He appeared before the chairman of the committee in charge of the affair and said that he would probably have to let the match go by default because he was so swamped with work.

But the next day he showed up at the first tee and brought with him his private secretary, a supercilious young cake eater of about twenty-two.

"I probably won't be able to give you much of a game, Bates," he said to Henry. "I would have let the match go by default, but I got to

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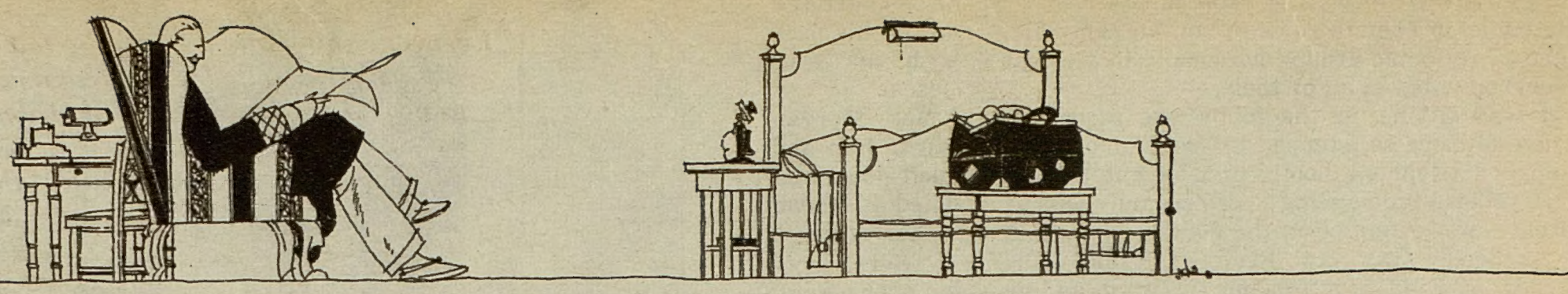

Your Twenty-Cent Morning Paper

Haven't you often awakened in the morning, in some hotel, and wished for a morning paper? And you telephoned down, and it came promptly or tardily, and you gave the boy a dime or a quarter?

That doesn't happen in these hotels. For you find, every morning, that a paper has been slipped noiselessly under your door while you slept—and you don't find a charge for those papers in your bill, either.

And Your Fifteen-Cent Ice Water

Then there's that other annoyance of having to order a drink of ice-water, and wait till it's brought, and tip the boy.

That doesn't happen in these hotels. For a system of circulating ice-water is no further away than your bath-room, and all you have to do, at any time of the day or night, is help yourself.

What About Stationery?

Or perhaps you want to write letters: haven't you been in many a hotel where you had to make a request for paper and envelopes, pen and ink? Probably that boy was tipped, too; and maybe you had to wait.

That doesn't happen in these hotels. For there is always plenty of stationery in your room, with a penholder, new pen-points, blotters—everything you need.

Just for Instance

Those instances of provision for your comfort, of thoughtfulness for your convenience, of *better value for your money* are typical of many others that you will find in these good hotels.

There's the liberal supply of towels in your bathroom, for instance; and a properly-placed light to shave by; and plenty of clothes-hangers; and a pin cushion with needles, thread, buttons and so on that you find on your dresser. Nor does this foresight stop with equipment and routine; the same thoughtfulness, helpfulness, obtains in the *service of employees* in these hotels. Here is the

Guarantee of Statler Service:

We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write *to me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

Some Extra Values You Get in These Hotels:

Many of the newer of the country's first-class hotels give you some of these things; but, so far as we know, the Statlers are still unique in providing all of them:

Every—*every*—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing desk, reading-lamp on bed-head or portable reading-lamp, desk-lamp, pincushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street or street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Each hotel maintains a large and well-selected library; you may withdraw books and keep them as long as you remain in the hotel, without charge.

The rate of every room is shown by a printed, framed card, permanently attached to the wall of that room. You know that you pay no more, no less for that room than do other guests.

And the Rates:

Though *every room has private bath* and running ice-water, Statler rates are no higher than those of other first-class hotels—which means that they give you *extra values, whatever the rate.* These hotels are well-balanced, too; more than 82% of all rooms in Hotels Statler are $5 or less, as are also more than 55% of all those in Hotel Pennsylvania.

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: *Now preparing to build* at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER
and Statler-operated
HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

Everyone saw pinned on to the tail of his golf jacket a soiled yellow sign which said, "Temporarily Out of Order."

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thinking that it wasn't quite fair to deprive you of the pleasure of giving me a trimming. I'm up to my neck in work and I'll have to do some dictating as we go around. Not much chance to concentrate on my game under those circumstances. Ready, Arthur?"

The secretary took out book and pencil, and said: "Yes, sir."

Theophilus cleared his throat. "Letter to Mr. Porter Hanson, General Superintendent, Diamond Hardware Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. My dear Mr. Hanson."

I looked at Henry Bates and my heart went cold in me. His neck and ears looked as though some one had slathered him with red paint, and if a look could kill he would have been guilty right there of the murder of Theophilus K. Scrugham. I knew he was licked before he took his stance to make his first drive. My only hope was that he might be able to take his beating in a reasonably dignified fashion and not make a scene about it.

The first hole on our course is a simple three hundred and eighty-four yard par four. Theophilus, dictating to his secretary between shots, was on in two and down in two, while Henry smeared up his score card with a horrible seven.

"Well, well!" said Theophilus brightly when he holed out. "That's unexpected. Won't do me any good, of course. No man can dictate business correspondence between shots and beat the sort of game you play," and then he turned to his secretary and started to dictate again as he walked toward the second tee. On the second hole, a long par five, Theophilus was on in three and won without making a putt when Henry hooked his drive into the rough again, pulled his mashie niblick diagonally across the fairway into worse rough on the opposite side, barely managed to get back on the fairway with his third, messed up a brassie, topped an iron, and picked up.

IT was then that Theophilus did his nastiest piece of dirty work.

"I say, old man," he said to Henry in a spirit of apparently sincere sportsmanship, "does my dictating between shots bother you? If it does, just say the word and I'll skip on back to the office and let the match go to you by default."

In answer to that piece of trickery Henry proved himself a real gamester. He was so mad that he was trembling from head to foot, but he looked Theophilus square in the eye and smiled, and managed to keep the rage out of his voice when he spoke.

"Doesn't bother me a bit," he said easily. "I'm just off my game today."

But while he could muster the will to give Theophilus a civil answer, he could not regain golfing control of himself, and Scrugham took the match on the thirteenth green, six up and five to go.

THERE was a big gallery on hand the following Thursday when the annual interclub mixed four ball match began. Theophilus was the picture of joyous confidence when he stepped up to the first tee to drive off. He waggled his club and looked down the course. Then he waggled his club again and riveted his eye on the ball.

Then he suddenly took his eye off the ball, straightened up, and stared hard at a small figure standing near the tee holding a bag of golf clubs. As he stared the red came into his face and he began to tremble.

The rest of us looked curiously at the object that had so affected him, and saw, standing there, impishly grinning, little Reddy Dorgan.

"What are *you* doing here?" Theophilus demanded.

"Caddying for Mr. Brooks," said Reddy, indicating the male member of the contesting pair from the Lone Elm Club.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from here?" said Theophilus furiously, taking a step towards him.

"Sump'n like that," said Reddy solemnly. "But then Mr. Brooks, here, says to me to come on up here today and caddy for him. It's nothin' to me. You two can fight it out between you."

Brooks stepped up, scowling. He was a sizeable lad, this Brooks, and had the look of a man who could gain weight on trouble.

"What's the row?" he asked curtly.

Before Theophilus could answer, Mary Morgan had him by the arm.

"Please!" she said to him entreatingly. "You mustn't make a scene about this." And then, to Brooks, smiling:

"Everything's all right."

"Everything's *not* all right," said Theophilus angrily. "I tell you——"

"Be still!" Mary said in a harsh whisper. "You're making me ashamed."

Theophilus started to reply but looked at Mary and thought better of it. There were storm signals in the girl's face that even he could see, really angry as he was.

So he stepped back up on to the tee again, took his stance, waggled his club, and looked down the course. Then he brought his club head back much too fast, pressed, lifted his head, and sliced a grass cutter about one hundred and twenty-five yards into the rough at the right.

Brooks and his partner, Nellie Weiman, were both straight down the course with good drives, and Mary Morgan was right there with them, a few yards ahead of Miss Weiman and a little bit short of Brooks.

As they walked off down the fairway together Theophilus began to talk to Mary.

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"Now don't get excited, Mary," he said, patting her on the arm. "I'm a little bit upset just for the time being, but I'll be all right in another hole or two. All you have to do is to carry on until I get myself calmed down."

Mary smiled at him encouragingly.

"You'll be all right," she assured him.

"O, sure," he said. "Sure thing! But in the meantime you be careful. Play a safe, conservative game!"

"I don't play that sort of a game!" Mary said a little tartly.

"Now, now! Let's not get into an argument," Theophilus said petulantly. "I know you don't play that sort of a game. That's why I'm talking to you. I'm not asking you to alter your style of play for the rest of your life, or even for the rest of this match. All I ask of you is that you play conservative golf until I get my nerves quieted down."

"Perhaps if you'd pay less attention to my game and more to your nerves you'd get them quieted down sooner," Mary said pointedly.

THEN while Theophilus spent three shots getting out of the rough, sent his brassie into a sand trap at the left of the green, failed to get out with an explosion shot and picked up in disgust, Mary put everything she had into her brassie for her second shot and missed carrying the green only by inches. Her ball stopped in some thick grass, less than a foot short of the green.

Miss Weiman messed up her brassie, topped her iron, put her mashie shot into the trap alongside Theophilus, and so was out of it. But young Brooks stuck his second on to the green about twenty yards from the pin. The hole lay between him and Mary Morgan.

As Mary took out her mashie and studied the lie of the ball, Theophilus came up and helped her with a lot of words.

"Now don't overrun the hole with that," he said nervously. "Don't try to sink it from here. Be conservative! Just tap it easily and stick it up there where you'll have a good chance to sink the next one."

Mary straightened up and looked at him.

"Mr. Scrugham," she said clearly. "Am I correct in thinking that you just picked up your ball out of that trap over there?"

"Yes," said Theophilus wonderingly.

"O," said Mary. "I thought perhaps I was mistaken. Then this ball that I'm about to play is *my* ball, isn't it?"

"O now!" said Theophilus conciliatingly. "Let's not have any hard feelings about this. After all it's just a game, isn't it?"

"That's all it is," said Mary significantly. "Just a game. But people sometimes learn things from games which they might not otherwise discover."

Then she leaned over and deliberately hit the ball a smart clip that sent it flying clear over the green into the trap on the other side. Then she smiled sweetly at Theophilus, stepped into the sand trap, took four quick, careless swings at the ball with her niblick without getting out and picked up, conceding the hole to Brooks.

Every one in the gallery heard Theophilus chatter at her as they walked toward the second tee. He was alternately apologizing for being rude and bawling her out for what she had done.

I was standing right near when they went through the crowd to the tee. There was a moment's delay while the gallery officials made a lane for them through the close packed spectators. Mary went through first, then Theophilus. And immediately behind Theophilus, little Reddy Dorgan with a bag of clubs.

As they pressed their way through the crowd I saw Dorgan whip something out from beneath his coat, reach ahead and work deftly for an instant with his fingers at the tail of Theophilus' golf jacket. A trained pickpocket couldn't have worked faster, and I'm sure that I was the only one who saw it.

But while I was the only one who saw Reddy really do his stuff, a moment later every one in the gallery saw what had been done. For as Theophilus K. Scrugham, still muttering away petulantly to Mary, stepped out from the crowd and up on to the tee, every one saw pinned to the tail of his golf jacket a soiled yellow sign—a yellow sign that had been familiar in days gone by to members of the Carter Brook Club who often used the coin box phone in the clubhouse when they wanted to lie to their wives—a yellow soiled old sign which said:

TEMPORARILY OUT OF ORDER

NOW, golf etiquette is golf etiquette, and I think that the members of the Carter Brook and Lone Elm clubs are as strictly observant of it as devotees of the game anywhere in the world.

But also, human nature is human nature. If Reddy had pinned that sign on Theophilus' coat tails at any other time, he would not have raised a laugh from any one in the gallery. Every one would have been outraged at the insult. But Theophilus *was* temporarily and somewhat disgustingly out of order. There was no doubt about that.

And under the circumstances that sign on him was simply irresistibly funny.

Somebody saw it and giggled. Somebody else saw it and laughed. Then everybody roared. Theophilus turned around to see what all the excitement was about, and Mary Morgan saw the sign. For a moment she fought with herself to maintain her gravity and then exploded in a hysterical convulsion of mirth.

Strong men doubled up and writhed on the ground. Women laughed until they became too weak to stand and sat on the turf while tears ran down their cheeks. Out of all that crowd only two maintained their gravity: Theophilus, who was insistently demanding to know what it was all about, and Reddy Dorgan, who, aside from myself, was the only one who really did know what it was all about. Reddy stood beside a bag of clubs, apparently oblivious of all that was going on, looking blandly at Theophilus.

"What is it?" Theophilus was demanding. "What are you laughing at? What's the matter? What's funny?"

It was Reddy Dorgan who told him.

"I don't know what everybody's laughin' at, Mr. Scrugham," he said innocently. "You got somethin' or other stuck to the back of your coat there. Maybe they think that's funny."

Theophilus felt frantically behind him, yanked the sign loose and looked at it. Then he looked at little Reddy Dorgan.

Then he screamed. Actually he did. He simply screamed and started after the boy.

Red dropped his golf bag and dodged into the crowd with Theophilus after him mouthing unintelligible threats. Here and there throughout the crowd sped Dorgan, like a fast back going for a touchdown through a broken field, and after him went Theophilus. Some one thrust out a foot as Scrugham went by, and he tripped over it and fell flat. (There are those who say the some one who did the tripping was I. Let that pass.)

He got up raging and began to denounce everybody indiscriminately.

Then he caught sight of Mary Morgan sitting on the tee, her cheeks streaked with tears, utterly helpless from hysterical laughter. He strode over to her and shook his fist in her face and shouted something at her. None of us could hear what it was. Maybe Mary heard. I don't know.

Anyhow, she just went on laughing. She couldn't do anything else. Just sat there laughing and looking up into Theophilus' face while the tears of mirth made fresh streaks down her face.

Then the fire of rage that was burning in Theophilus K. Scrugham's brain consumed the last bit of sense he had left. He reached over and grabbed Mary Morgan by the shoulders and shook her savagely.

A lot of us started for him, but it was only just that Henry Bates should reach him first. Henry clipped him on the jaw, and Theophilus went spinning. The blow must have cleared his brain somewhat, for when he came to his feet he took one scared look at the young mob of angry men making for him and started to sprint.

We chased him for a few yards with murder in our hearts and then suddenly the comedy side of it struck us all once more and we stopped and had another fit of hysteria, watching Theophilus leg it across the fairway toward the woods. Just before he reached the woods he stopped, looked back, shook his fist once, and disappeared into the greenery.

The next thing I recall seeing was Henry Bates standing on the tee holding Mary Morgan's hand. She was looking up at him and saying something. I don't know what it was, but it seemed to please Henry, for there was a glad, broad smile on his face, the like of which I hadn't seen since before Theophilus first arrived.

And I saw old Alex Morgan step up and lay his arm across Henry's shoulder and I knew it was going to be a nice summer for him after all.

Reddy Dorgan popped up in front of me from somewhere. He was holding the sign, Temporarily Out of Order, in his hand, and looking at it solemnly.

"I wonder what Mr. Scrugham's address is going to be, Mr. Hager?" he asked me, without cracking a smile. "He forgot this."

None of us has seen Scrugham since he disappeared in the woods that day.

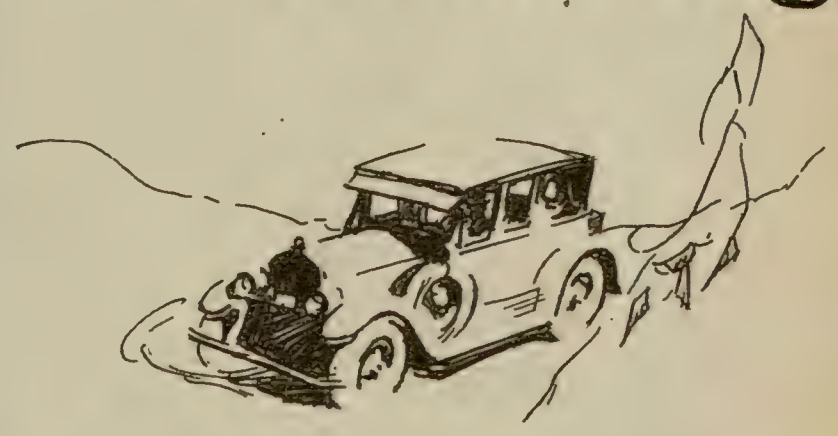
We promise you another of Mr. McNutt's bright stories of golf and a pretty girl soon: "It's a Great Game." Watch for it.

ELISABETH COBB

Daughter of Irvin S. Cobb, the famous humorist, is following in father's footsteps. Her first published manuscript—a breezy sketch on flapper slang—in our next number, out next Wednesday, May 21. It is called

DO YOU WANT TO GET BY BIG?

Balloon Cords mean *Extra* cushioning



BALLOON is an apt name for broad-gauge, low-air pressure tires because it implies the cushioning use of air.

Air is nature's best cushion, and the lower the pressure, the better the cushion.

With their low-air pressure, Goodrich Balloon Cords give the motorist the betterment—the new ease and pleasure—he is always seeking.

It is a special, de luxe service in tires.

Just as riding in a parlor car is more comfortable than riding in a day coach, so riding on Balloon Cords is more comfortable than riding on high pressure tires.

Once Goodrich Balloon Cords are on a car, driver and passengers know a positive improvement. It is seen and felt in driving, maintaining, and enjoying the car.

Call on a Goodrich Dealer, and ask him to tell you the latest facts and suggestions on Goodrich Balloon Cords.

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The Goodrich "55" tire is made full size to meet the wishes of the discriminating owner of a light car.

GOODRICH Balloon Cord

OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER

THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN IN ACTION

MEMPHIS MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, tiny Elizabeth R. Paine, christens the new U. S. cruiser Memphis.
Wide World Photo.

CHARLIE PADDOCK, world's fastest sprinter, is developing a much swifter start than ever before, according to experts. Here he is, practicing his "getaway" for the Olympic on his own private cinder path in Los Angeles.
International Photo.

WE'RE BUILDING AS WELL AS SCRAPPING ships for the navy. The picture shows the swift United States cruiser Memphis being launched at Cramp's, Philadelphia.
Wide World Photo.

IRENE RICH isn't a flapper. In fact, she has a daughter who IS—that is, a nice tousle-headed girl who plays tennis with mother and gets beaten in the act. Notwithstanding, in the last year or so, Miss Rich has been in almost constant demand by picture producers because of her charm, cleverness, and wholesome good looks.—Frances Peck.

Snapped Before Dan McGrew Was Shot

BARBARA LA MARR, acknowledged at present by fickle fans (Oh, yes, you are) as the screen's champion vamp, and Percy Marmont had this beatific still taken while filming "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." In this photoplay, Miss La Marr plays "The Lady Known as Lou." Mr. Marmont? Well, when this was taken, he was a happy composer. —Frances Peck.

ROD LA ROCQUE came into his own in "The Ten Commandments." He's been in pictures for a long time, but as the sinning son of modern times he gave one of the finest pieces of acting of a decade.—Frances Peck.

Lowest Priced Car with Balloon Tires Standard

An Artistic Triumph!

The blue ribbon goes to the new Overland Blue Bird—a picture to the eye and a joy on the road—a big, big prize at the price.

Spirit and sparkle—beauty and style—a car in harmony with good taste and good times. A happy car for happy people—built for happy days!

Distinction lives in every line and curve of the Blue Bird. Different with a difference people seek. A longer, bigger, roomier body done in rich Peacock Blue—smartened with a nickeled radiator and outside door handles. Genuine *Fisk balloon cord tires!*

Robust power under the throttle. A touch, and away you go—off like a streak! Riding always in relaxed comfort—with *patented* Triplex Springs and the cushioned tread of *balloon tires* simply smoothing away the miles.

Looks—action—reliability—economy—every benefit you want in a car, the new Overland Blue Bird gives you! A big, big prize at the price. See it!

Chassis $395, Touring $495, Roadster $495, Champion $655, Sedan $795, Spad Commercial Car $523; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

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No additional cost for these extra features: Fisk balloon cord tires. Nickeled radiator, headlamp rims, scuff plates, windshield stanchions, outside door handles. Blue-black top and durable long-grain Spanish upholstery.

$725 f.o.b. Toledo

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Accidents

That Have Put Men in the White House — and Kept Them Out

The Case of Calvin Coolidge

By James J. Montague

Cartoon by OSCAR CESARE

President Coolidge
[Copyright by Underwood & Underwood]

FOR the guidance of several million youthful Americans who mean some day to be President of the United States it may be said that there are two ways to achieve that laudable ambition. The first is to get the big party leaders behind you. The second is to get the people of the country behind you. Inasmuch as there are fewer than a hundred big party leaders, and more than a hundred million people in this republic, the first method is the easier. In fact, it is the one oftenest employed. But sometimes, if the "lucky chance that oft decides the fate of monarchs" mixes in, the latter plan will work quite as successfully.

The end and aim of all science, including the science of politics, is to keep accidents from happening. The bosses, as far as it lies in their power, reduce the off chance to a minimum. Party politics is divided into insiders and outsiders.

For the outsider the latchstring is never hung out on the door behind which the boys in the back room are passing on all applicants for the big nomination. Among candidate trainers there is a conviction that past performance is essential as a guide to future behavior. In case a man under consideration should get into the White House, it is important, to be sure, that he should not stray off the party reservation.

The average voter would be astonished, and perhaps flattered, if he knew how many pains were taken to provide him with a safe and sane Presidential candidate to support at the next election and how many ambitious statesmen are carefully inspected from every conceivable angle before they are deemed worthy of the said average citizen's suffrage.

The reason for this is simple. The prestige of a boss depends on winning elections. If he happens to pick "a dead one" he is very likely to be politically interred himself on the day following the election. Consequently he makes it his business to see that nobody is wished on him.

Of the activities of national party committees you hear little save in Presidential years. But the men who compose these committees have their minds on their jobs all the time. Through correspondence and occasional quiet meetings of a few of their number they keep well informed about "who is who" as well as about "who hopes to be who" in national politics.

They watch keenly Senators and Governors and other potentialities who appear to be bidding for popularity. If these aspirants for the popular favor seem to be getting away with it they are studied at closer range. But not until they are proved by all the known tests to be 100 per cent regular do they get past the committee on membership of the Grand Lodge of Warwicks.

NOTWITHSTANDING all these elaborate precautions, accidents do sometimes happen. Now and then some set of quite unforeseen circumstances rivets the public eye on a statesman with whom the leaders have had only a mere nodding acquaintance. And sometimes, in that multiple optic, he finds such favor that the bosses, discovering that they cannot lick him, "jine" him.

In recent years accident has won or lost the Presidency to a number of men who might have had far different futures if the dice had fallen otherwise. One of these happened to be the candidate of one big party in a year when

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

The boys in the back room are passing on all applicants for the big nomination.

This Magazine

is created on the principle that its obligation to reader and advertiser

is identical

ADVERTISING is included as an integral part of this magazine, *entitled* to share the reader's interest with the editorial content.

We do not consider advertising a "necessary nuisance." We believe that the right kind of advertisements are as necessary to the welfare of American HOMES as they are to the success of American business.

That's why, in this magazine, advertisements start on page four; why we exercise such care in the selection of accounts; why every advertisement is opposite an editorial page, so that it can't be "buried." Every feature, every story reads through completely without thumbing over into the back pages. *Alive from cover to cover!* Therefore, every part of this magazine, being of equal *interest* to readers, is of equal *value* to advertisers.

If you are a *reader,* you enjoy it not alone for its fine editorial features, but for its advertising pages, and the easy comprehension of advertisements.

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Note the number of important national advertisers . . . Mark how the unique makeup provides conscious, enjoyable comprehension of the advertising pages . . . See how COLOROTO, four-color Rotogravure, makes editorial illustrations and advertising picturization more effective . . . Notice the expertly co-ordinated, whole-family appeal, a fascinating group of offerings to please every member of the American family.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

the rival organization was split asunder by a political cataclysm. Two were told, when they boarded the train of destiny, that their tickets read only as far as the Vice Presidency. Neither of these latter would have been permitted to travel even that distance had not chance, pulling powerfully for them earlier in their careers, convinced the bosses that it would not be wise to put them off the train.

As to those who lost through accident, theirs is a sad story. But as an illustration of the infinite variety of fickleness that Fate can employ to work her will, it is worth the telling.

AT 5:45 in the afternoon of Sept. 9, 1919, some fourteen hundred policemen, without orders of any kind, laid aside their duties as guardians of the peace in the city of Boston and went on strike. They thought they were doing a big thing for themselves. They really were providing the chance that made Calvin Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, President of the United States.

Talk of a police strike had been general in Boston for a week or more. The men on the force had formed a union, in defiance of the orders of the late Edwin U. Curtis, who held the office of Commissioner of Police under appointment by the Governor. The policemen had an idea that they could force Curtis to back down with a definite threat and avoid the necessity of striking. But when the Commissioner of Police removed fifty-nine men for joining the union they decided that the time for action had arrived.

If Bostonians were skeptical about the possibility of a strike, the denizens of the underworld were not. On the chance that the Hub would be defenseless for a few weeks they had been coming into town for a month or two. They were all present and ready to go to work as soon as the men with the badges departed their beats.

That was a bad night in Boston, as were the two that followed.

It became apparent the first morning that the commissioner had underestimated the effect of the walkout, which was made worse by a growing fear that the firemen would join the police, and thus add the peril of a general conflagration. The mayor, exercising the power vested in him, called out the National Guard with quarters in the city, and asked the Governor for permission to call State troops from outside. With these and volunteer policemen, who included many students from Harvard, it was hoped that the situation might be kept in hand.

But the next night seven persons were killed in rioting and many more wounded. There was a general demand that martial law be declared. Governor Coolidge, one of the few persons in Boston who were not panic stricken nor in the least excited, was the only man who could declare martial law. A great many people, including all the police and their sympathizers, did not believe he would do it.

Coolidge, they said, was a politician. To take sides in such a controversy, in which not only the police but a great number of labor unions insisted that they were acting merely to uphold the cause of the workingmen, would mean political ruin. More than one of those who called on the Governor that day warned him of what his interference would mean.

After he had heard what they all had to say, he sat calmly down at his desk and penned the following proclamation:

"The entire State Guard of Massachusetts has been called out. Under the Constitution the Governor is commander in chief thereof by an authority of which he could not, if he chose, divest himself. That command I must and will exercise under the law.

"I hereby call upon all the police of Boston who have loyally and in a never-to-be-forgotten way remained on duty to aid me in the performance of my duty—the restoration and maintenance of order in the City of Boston—and instruct each of such officers to act in obedience to such orders as I may hereafter issue or cause to be issued.

"I call on every citizen to aid in the maintenance of law and order."

"Governor Coolidge," said one of the men in the executive office, when Mr. Coolidge stopped writing, "the issuing of that proclamation will spell the destruction of the Republican party in Massachusetts and make it impossible for you to hold another public office."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Governor, but he signed the proclamation.

IN the meantime all the Massachusetts militia was in Boston or on its way thither. Disorder was quickly suppressed. The friends of the striking policemen, including Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, saw that a serious mistake had been made, and began to use their influence to save the strikers from its consequences.

On the third day of the trouble a number of policemen who had gone out came to the State House to ask that they be taken back. Mr. Coolidge told them that, while this matter was up to the Commissioner of Police, he was not in favor of taking them back.

To Mr. Gompers, who had telegraphed him that he could settle the whole situation by removing Commissioner of Police Curtis, the Governor replied:

"I have already refused to remove the commissioner. . . .

"Your assertion that the police commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the city unguarded. That furnished the opportunity. The criminal element furnished the action. There is no right to strike against the public safety by any body, anywhere, any time. . . .

"You can depend on me to support you in every legal action and policy. I am equally determined to defend the sovereignty of Massachusetts, and maintain her authority and jurisdiction over her public officers where it has been placed by the Constitution and the laws of her people."

In less than a week's time the strike was over. It had cost three million dollars in money, and far more than that in terror and suffering.

OVER the whole nation had spread the reports of the strike, and of the quiet and business-like fashion in which it was put down. The name of Coolidge was in headlines and editorials from one end of the country to the other. He made no attempt to capitalize on the popularity he had achieved, but quietly resumed his duties, talking little and working much, as was his custom.

But the American people are quick to appraise and value courage. State and city bosses, getting together their delegations for the national Republican convention in 1920, heard a great deal of talk around the home headquarters of the Governor who could not be bluffed, even by such politically powerful elements as the police and the labor leaders.

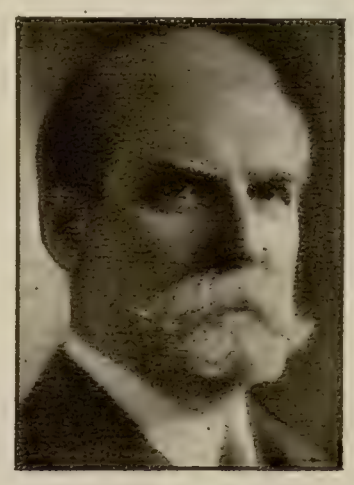
So when from all sections of the United States came men to Chicago in June, they asked the old friends with whom they renewed acquaintance many questions about "this fellow Coolidge."

At a political convention talk begets talk. When the Massachusetts delegates streamed into Chicago, loudly demanding that their Governor be made the nominee for the Presidency, they were listened to with attention. The delegates knew about Coolidge. They knew he was for law and order, and they knew he had nerve. He had done the right thing at the right time. Coolidge was not nominated for President. But the Vice Presidential nomination was easy—almost as easy as the election proved to be. No President has come from New England since Franklin Pierce, with the exception of Chester A. Arthur, who was born in Vermont.

Calvin Coolidge is now President of the United States. But for the police strike he would probably still be in Massachusetts, perhaps as a private citizen.

THE END

Hiram Johnson



Charles E. Hughes
Harris & Ewing

Champ Clark
Moffett

Woodrow Wilson
Kadel & Herbert

THIS is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Montague on "Accidents That Have Put Men in the White House—and Kept Them Out." In succeeding articles Mr. Montague will discuss Woodrow Wilson and Champ Clark, and Charles E. Hughes and Hiram Johnson.

Each Grain an Adventure

CRISP and flaky grains of selected wheat, puffed to 8 times their normal size, light as the air, and with the rich flavor of nut meats. Luscious and enticing—to bring enchantment to the breakfast table.

You serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And as a special allurement, with fresh or cooked fruit. No breakfast before has ever compared.

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An energy food of fairy delight—yet with vitamines, bran and minerals in balanced combination.

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Quaker Puffed Wheat

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THE QUAKER OATS CO.

From

Tent Show *to Ziegfeld* FOLLIES

A True Story Which Proves There Is Something in Luck

By GENEVIEVE FORBES

Fortune's Favorite —Patsy Salmon— as she appeared in an obscure tent show, and after she gained fame as a member of Follies.

COW-PUNCHERS, sport writers, and a prize fight that fizzled made her what she is today. And Patsy Salmon, the yodeling Follies girl who jumped from the kerosene circuits out west to a feature stunt on Broadway, hopes they're satisfied, even if she isn't.

You who sat in the front row at the Follies and saw a pretty, brown eyed, fresh faced girl in a cowgirl's costume step spryly about the stage, did you ever wonder where she came from? You have heard that she took the prairies, the Mississippi, the mountains, from Montana to Fifth Avenue in one jump.

But Patricia Salmon has a theatrical past as significant as the future of many a Follies star.

Less than a year ago "Pat of the tent show" was leading lady for the Hyland-Welty Comedians, a troupe that showed the play's the thing in the cow towns "out where the West begins," and pretty nearly ends.

Then last July came the Jack Dempsey-Tom Gibbons prize fight in Shelby, Montana.

Journalists, sport writers from metropolitan dailies, and dramatic critics doubling in pugilism arrived in numbers. The fight was still several weeks off. The town was all mud and no atmosphere. Even the Indians wore "college man" tailored suits.

ABOUT this time the Hyland-Welty actors, scenting large receipts in a commingling of pugilism and drama, drifted into Shelby to regale the town with their repertory.

Dull and disgruntled, the writers wandered into the tent show, the only diversion in the town. The show was The Princess of Patches. The leading lady was Patricia Salmon, the daughter of a character actress and of Barney Salmon, a genial Irish yodeler who juggled balls and apples as well as vocal tones. Patricia, the playbills said, had been acting since she was three years old.

That evening Patsy made her stage entrance in a barrel. Down in the front row the newspaper men sat, among them Richard Henry Little, Hugh Fullerton, Heywood Broun, Bide Dudley, and others. Patsy squinted her upturned nose, smiled, and then she began to give everything from Mme. Duse to Fanny Brice. Pathos, humor, satire, rage. She had it all.

That night Patsy's yodel was heard in New York and Chicago, for every newspaper man sent in a special story about Shelby's leading lady. It wasn't many days later, early in July, that Patsy Salmon, closing a performance in Whitefish, Montana, was handed the following telegram:

"If you can arrange to join Ziegfeld Follies immediately will make satisfactory salary arrangement and give you opportunity of Broadway." This was signed "Florenz Ziegfeld."

Patsy is an emotional actress and a yodeler. Both professions stood her in good stead that day. As soon as she had recovered her poise she rushed to the telegraph office and sent a duplicate wire to her family up in Vancouver.

Mrs. Salmon, who hadn't forgotten her actress days, sent a message of love and congratulations. Norah, the nineteen year old sister, who is a ballet mistress, was delighted. So was sixteen year old Kitty, who is in a stock

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Is this health and happiness in your family?

HAPPY is the mother who sees her family buoyant with health. For health is essential to happiness. The healthy person is promised a life complete in usefulness and enjoyment.

The health of your children, husband and yourself is dependent upon *internal cleanliness*—proper elimination of food waste. From a clogged intestinal system to chronic disease is only a step, says a famous medical authority. There are intermediate periods with minor accompanying disorders. But only a short time carries a person from the first attacks of intestinal clogging, with its resultant poisoning of the body, to serious, even vital diseases.

Guard Your Children

The mother must take systematic measures to prevent intestinal clogging in her children. Fretfulness, loss of appetite and such minor ailments, all indicate that clogging is present and that poisons are saturating the body. Vital resistance is lowered and the child is prey to contagious diseases.

Value of Internal Cleanliness

Physical and mental well-being are the rewards of internal cleanliness. Parents and children alike can establish sound health by acquiring this priceless habit through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol maintains internal cleanliness by *lubrication*. Nujol lubricates the food waste and hastens its passage through the intestine. It thus prevents the formation of dangerous poisons. Physicians recommend Nujol not only as the best method for overcoming intestinal clogging, but as the most effective means of preventing it.

Make health and happiness easy. Have your family take Nujol as regularly as they wash their faces or brush their teeth. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol always in the bathroom cabinet. For sale by all druggists.

"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

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For Internal Cleanliness

Constipation

Everywhere physicians are sounding urgent warnings of the growing menace of faulty elimination. In an address before a leading medical society recently the medical director of one of the principal insurance companies stated that the lowered vitality caused by faulty elimination made the entire body a prey to dangerous germs. He further declared that if the absorption of poisons from clogged intestines was stopped, it would largely do away with the numerous untimely deaths that occur during middle age.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome constipation, says an intestinal specialist, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition, and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Thus it brings internal cleanliness. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Complexion Troubles. Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood, they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is woman's most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

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Name_____

Address_____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

company. Patricia's younger brothers, Pat and Lawrence, staged a mock show that afternoon. Barney, the bookworm brother, wasn't so sure about the venture.

Patricia's father, who had carried his daughter on the stage when she was three years old and had held her hand as she sang "Down by the Old Mill Stream," was harder to convince—two days were required.

Then there was her own troupe, loyal but somewhat doubtful. Dick Hyland, the leading man, reminded her that "it's a long way from Montana to New York, and an awful long way back."

"Better stay here, little girl," he advised, "and do your stuff. Besides, we're putting on a heavy bill next week. Better stay here. But if you go, the best of luck. We're for you."

SO she accepted Mr. Ziegfeld's offer, but she played that next "heavy week" in Idaho. Then Patsy faced east and began to yodel, and when she first inserted her yodel in the Follies in August she stopped the show. Even the pessimists were surprised.

"No, I wasn't scared," Patsy said as the curtain rang down on the feature. "I've had tougher audiences than this."

In one quick flip she's now a Follies star, but she hasn't enough to do, she mourns. The girl who worked on three plays at one time in the West loiters through an eleven minute skit each day. It may be fame, but it's awfully lonesome.

"Of course I love it," Patsy declares, "but I get so tired of doing nothing. I guess it's the routine of it. You know what you are going to do every day at a certain time.

"Back home," she grew reminiscent, "I could get up a part in three days. I was good at memorizing. I hope memory is like swimming, that it comes back when you need it. I don't want to lose my stroke. But here, what's the good of rehearsing a yodel that you've done all your life? It's always the same time, the same place, and the same girl."

Western men are growing more suave and gentle. Eastern men are getting "rougher." So the twain are pretty likely to meet one of these days, according to Patsy, who all the while protests she is no judge of men.

"Why, I'd rather try to tell what I think of flappers, or rouge, the shingle bob, or even of the Teapot Dome, than have to give an estimate of men. They're as different as women, don't you think?"

In spite of her denials, the girl who grew up with cowboys, was "discovered" by newspaper men, and who is now fêted by masculine admirers, does have a few definite ideas about men.

Out in the far West Patsy believes the men treat girls better in an office and worse in a drawing room.

"In the East a man is charming as a dinner partner, at a dance, or as a theater escort. But he is not so perfect, perhaps, when he is your employer," Patsy said.

This indictment, which she makes very emphatic, does not apply to theatrical men. For those with whom the yodeler has come in contact she finds "every bit as nice as the boys back home."

"For me personally," the buckskin Cinderella urges, "please say that I have received thousands of letters and have hundreds of good friends among the men both East and West, but that I have no sweetheart, and am not engaged."

Patsy, she makes it very plain, loves the Follies and sings, or yodels, pæans of thanks to the men with the typewriters and the adjectives. "For," she admits modestly, "I could have tried all my life and never have had a chance if the boys hadn't happened along and hadn't happened to have such big hearts."

CHRISTY MATHEWSON DESCRIBES

"MY FIGHT BACK TO HEALTH"

A STORY OF
UNCONSCIOUS HEROISM
TOLD BY MATTY TO

Hugh Fullerton

Christy Mathewson as he is today (above) and as he was (at left).

WHAT would you do if you were an athlete, a national hero, handsome, strong, glorying in physical strength—and were told that you have tuberculosis?

What would you do if you went to a doctor to ask about a slight cough and were told you have only six weeks to live?

Would you surrender and die, or would you settle down to obey orders, and make the long, desperate battle to regain health?

Christy Mathewson, the most famous pitcher in the history of America's national game, the model athlete of the United States, had that experience. Applying the sportsmanship of baseball to his illness, he has made the most remarkable fight against tuberculosis. He has not yet won—but he is in the ninth inning of the Health Championship, leading by three runs, and seems to have outgamed and beaten the world's most dreaded disease.

It was late in the season. New York's Giants and Chicago's famous Cubs were battling for the National League Championship on the Polo Grounds. The Giants seemed to have the game won—and that victory meant, in all probability, the pennant and a fortune. Some of the Giants, thinking it was all over, had gone to the club house and were in the showers, when suddenly the Cubs' attack started. Hit after hit came off their bats—runs scored, runners were on second and third, one was out—and the Giants' victory seemed to have slipped away.

McGraw, raving, delaying, stalling for time, tried to check the rally. Del Howard, one of

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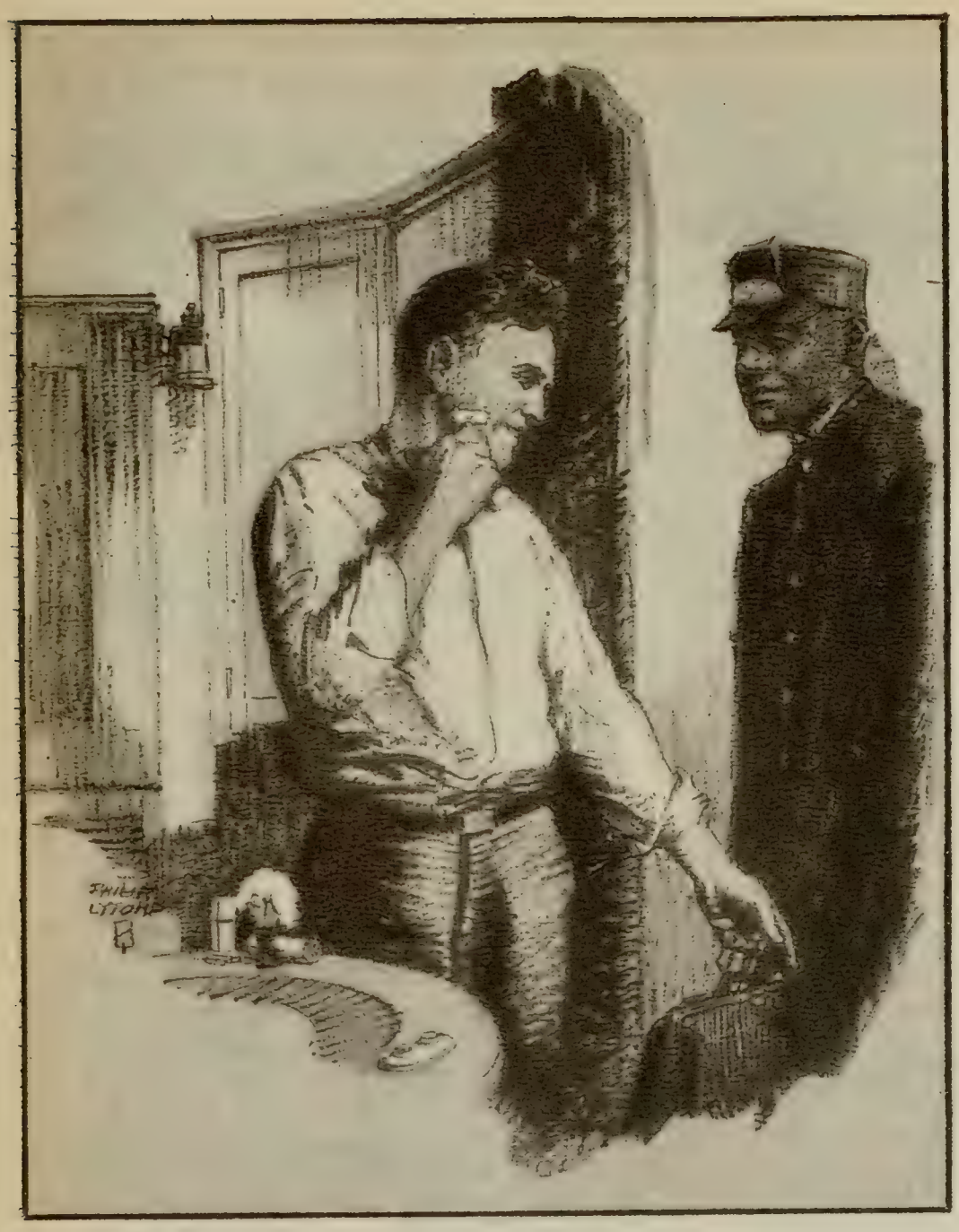

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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

the best hitters in the game, was at the bat. Messengers, scurrying to the club house, summoned Christy Mathewson to save the day. Matty, tucking shirt into trousers, with shoe strings flapping, uniform half buttoned, came running across the field, finishing dressing as he ran.

The panic stricken Giants gathered around him as he took the ball. "Never mind, fellows—we aren't beaten yet," he said quietly.

Then he pitched three "fade-aways," Howard took three desperate swings at the ball, almost knocking his own knee cap off with the third swing. The next man "flied" out and Matty, smiling, walked away, surrounded by a whirling mob of fans.

Years later Matty, stricken while seemingly in the best of health, lay upon a bed at Saranac, his athletic form wasting, his face drawn with suffering. The doctors had told his wife that he had six weeks to live.

Stricken by tuberculosis at the height of his career, pronounced a hopeless case, Matty smiled rather feebly and said weakly:

"Never mind, we're not beaten yet."

"IT is all in the game," he said, as he looked out across the hills and valleys around Saranac, "whether you are playing baseball or the game of life. The quitter cannot win, the fellow who won't play the game according to the rules is beaten, and the one who gets discouraged is half beaten. You've got your health, old boy. Stick to it, fight for it. You don't know what it is worth until it fails."

"You know the life we led and how we loved the game. There is something gripping about baseball—and I had been in it a long time. The game had become part of my life.

"I never had been sick. In fact, I thought sickness was something people had in China or somewhere like that; something other folks had. During the unfortunate World's series of 1919, I had a little throat trouble, just a thickness that was annoying. The next spring the throat trouble was renewed. I felt strong, had a good appetite, and thought it was just a cold which hung on. However, I always was a believer in trying to prevent instead of trying to cure.

"I went to three different doctors for examination. One said it was a 'cold,' another declared it was 'bronchial trouble.' I noticed that I was short of breath after running or climbing stairs. I tried to work out the 'cold' by putting on heavy sweat shirts and exercising. It didn't cure, so I went to a third doctor who examined me carefully and got a

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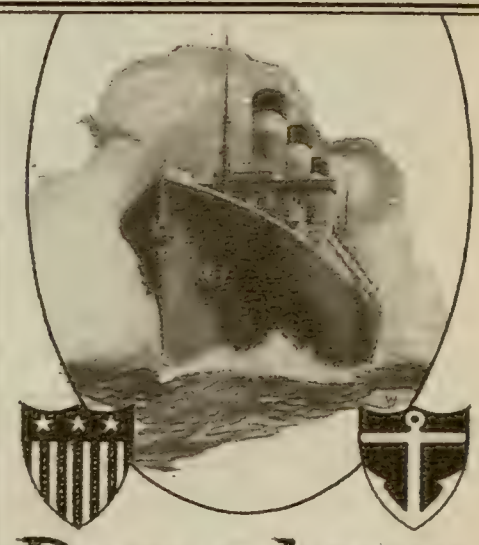
EUROPE



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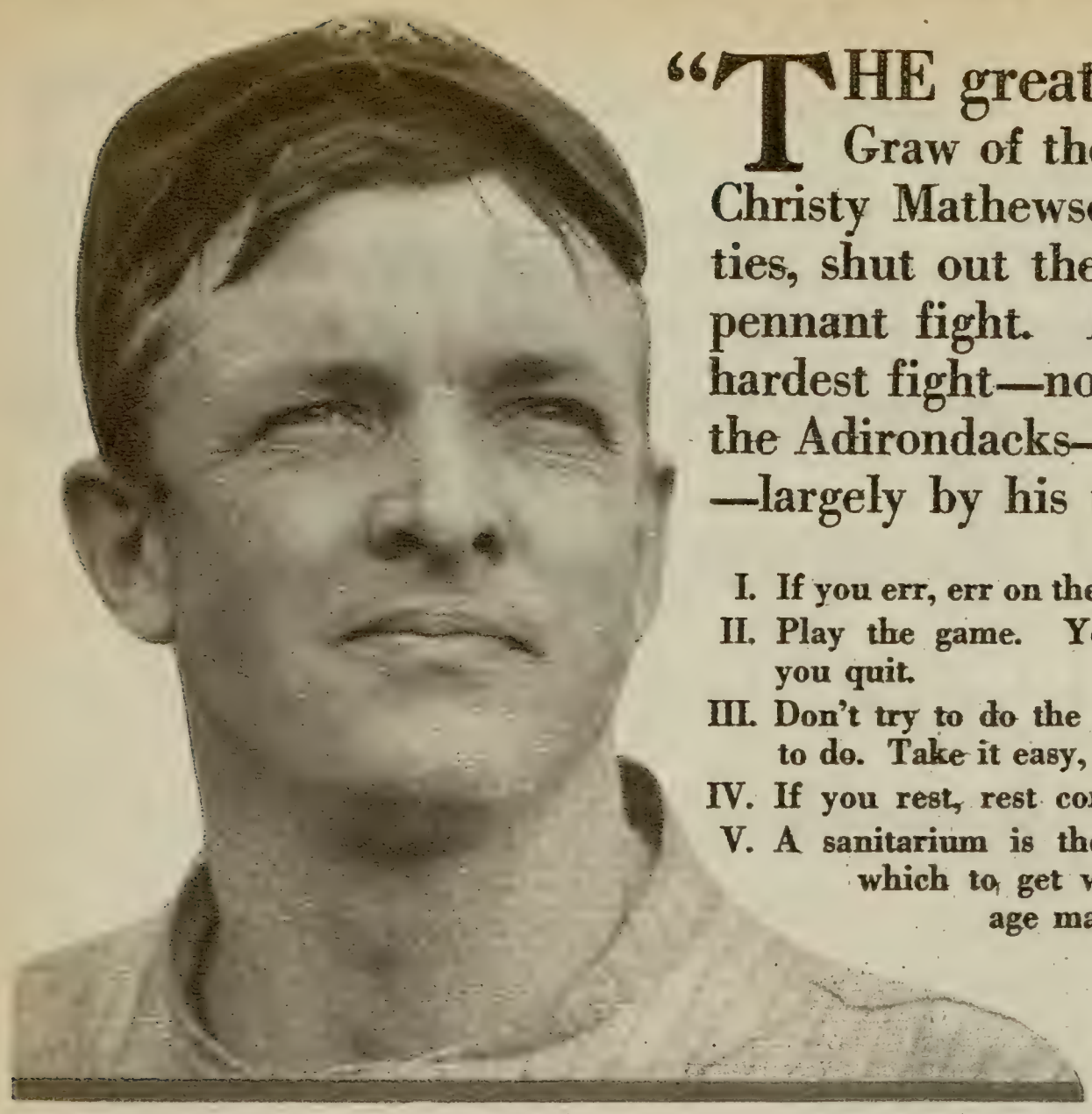
Address _____



"THE greatest pitcher of them all," said McGraw of the Giants one day in 1908 as he watched Christy Mathewson, magnificent in his strength and faculties, shut out the Cubs in a game of that heart-breaking pennant fight. A few years later Matty was fighting his hardest fight—not before cheering crowds, but silently in the Adirondacks—against tuberculosis. Today he has won—largely by his unfailing adherence to this decalogue:

I. If you err, err on the side of caution.
II. Play the game. You can't win if you quit.
III. Don't try to do the things you used to do. Take it easy, run no chances.
IV. If you rest, rest completely.
V. A sanitarium is the best place in which to get well. The average man will not obey all rules when at home.
VI. Sympathy is the biggest help toward a cure.
VII. Keep cheerful; think how much worse off the other fellow is.
VIII. Keep your mind busy and drive out worry.
IX. Resign yourself to what you can't help.
X. Don't kick on decisions, either by a doctor or an umpire. Kicking will not change them.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]
positive test showing active tuberculosis in both lungs.

"How does a fellow feel?

"WELL—did you ever pitch a ball perfectly, think it was a sure strike, and have someone take a wild swing, hit it back at you so fast that it handcuffs you and leaves you jarred and half paralyzed—turns the whole game upside down, and hurts you to the backbone? It is something of that feeling at first—I imagine it feels the same way a soldier does when a bullet hits him—before he feels the pain.

"They did not tell me anything. They told me that I had tuberculosis and, after the first shock, hope returned.

"I think now that I only half believed the doctor who diagnosed my case as tuberculosis. Others had failed to find the symptoms, and in spite of everything I had a sneaking hope that he might be mistaken. I determined to go to Saranac, take six weeks off, and try a rest cure—kidding myself, I suppose.

"It is a queer thing that I always thought I'd pull through. Maybe everyone feels that way. All patients are optimists. I started by feeling sorry for myself—but, having all that time to think, I realized that life with most people is just a scramble, a fight for dollars, for another thrill and another meal. I watched people around me and began to think, 'Well, old boy, you're sick, but what are you kicking about? Think how much better off you are than some of these people.'

"AFTER six weeks the doctors found quarters for me, and my wife and boy came to help me. Just seeing them was a big help. My wife always was cheerful, and it was she who really made me stick to the job of getting well.

"When I found out my condition was serious I spent sleepless nights—thinking, reviewing my life. I figured it all out. The thing I wanted to know was whether or not the disease could be beaten. If it could not, then the only thing to do was to die as comfortably as possible. If it could, then the thing to do was to play the game and beat it.

"In baseball, we had a saying that the game never was over until the last man was out. As long as we had a chance we kept fighting and plugging away. Also, in baseball, we learned to obey orders and to play the game as it should be played, making the plays that gave us the most chance to win.

"I figured that fighting the disease or playing the game of life and death is a good deal like baseball—you follow the rules and keep fighting while there is a chance.

"I asked the doctors if the game could be beaten. They said it could, so I decided to play it.

"Aside from all the theories and cults dealing with the cure of tuberculosis, there are several basic rules that seem to have been agreed upon: That climate is about 10 per cent of the cure, absolute rest 30 per cent, proper feeding 30 per cent, and outdoors 30 per cent.

"The rules for curing tuberculosis aren't easy—especially for a man who has led an active outdoor life. I had to learn the game. They said I was to have complete rest—and to me complete rest meant walking around, or moving in bed, or moving a chair or something that way, or reading or writing.

"The doctor's idea of complete rest was complete rest, mental as well as physical. He allowed me to move my arm from the elbow down, and to think, but he advised that I stop thinking as much as possible.

"The fellow who worries becomes depressed—low in spirit—and he is apt, if he allows himself to get bored, to reach a stage where he doesn't care what happens, and to fall down on the job of getting well. If anyone lets his mind rest on his own ills, he is sure to worry. He must keep his brain occupied and his mood as cheerful as possible. When a fellow cannot read, or write, or talk, and can only move his fingers and forearm, it requires some resourcefulness to keep his mind off his own troubles.

"I started working out a baseball game, figuring every chance and studying how it should be played mechanically so as to offer the same chances as are offered on a ball field. It interested me and kept my mind engaged.

"It required very little to keep the mind busy. I never had had a chance to study birds, for instance, and in the first spring I fell into the habit of listening to their songs and calls, especially in the early morning.

"I got so that studying the temperature chart was almost as good as watching the score board; lots of fun. If it went up to 102 I was one run to the bad, and when it got below 100 I was ahead, and working easily. It never scared me—but warned me that I wasn't working well."

Matty improved, was permitted to sit up, to take light walks and rides. He was in the seventh inning and winning, when the enemy attacked again.

Several times during that period Matty was, according to his own confession, about ready to lob up an easy one and let them hit it to end the game. But he stuck. He fought it out, and began to gain again.

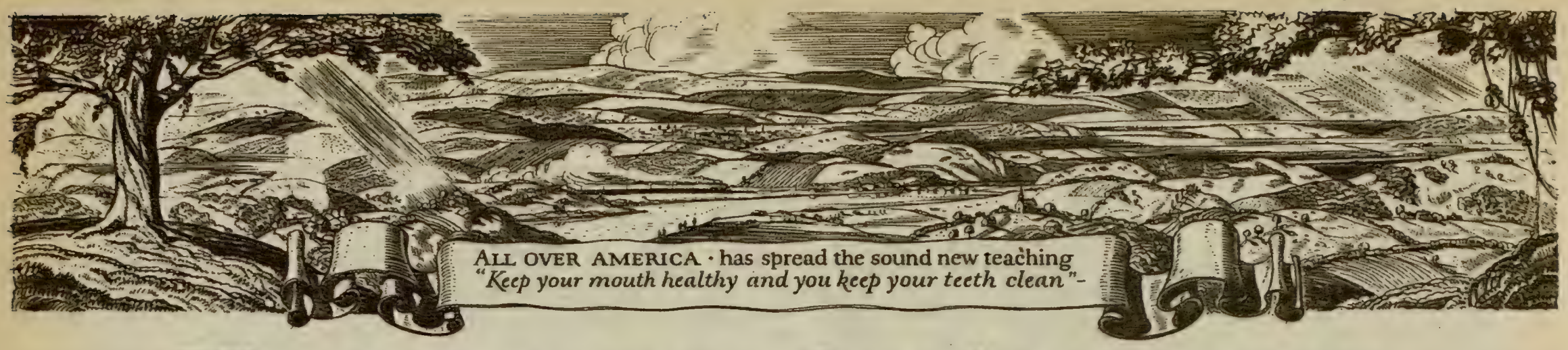
"I told myself 'You're not playing the game today' and steadied down. I saw others suffering more than I was and asked, 'What are you kicking about?' That helps. No matter what troubles you have, just look around and see someone who is worse off and cheer up.

"A fellow begins to realize that life is worth fighting for and to realize something of what it means to lose it. Oddly, a fellow thinks less and less of himself and more and more of others. He has less dread of death, and—well, he sees that life is good and that death isn't so bad after all—if one is ready for it."

Matty fought it out—and still is fighting. His is an arrested case. The doctors say that, after five years, one may regard himself as "cured," but Matty refuses to say he is cured—he doesn't want to raise false hopes in other sufferers, knowing the despair that follows hope deferred.

Matty is still playing the game—and leading by several runs, and playing safe.

THE END



The temporary cleaning you are giving your teeth cannot stop decay

A simple way to bring back the self-protecting functions of the mouth

Women love beautiful teeth. They want to know their own teeth are shining white and they want strong, white teeth in their men. Only permanent cleansing can give you the beautiful teeth you want.

YOU may brush your teeth carefully — cleanse every surface thoroughly, *in five minutes the mouth acids are forming again.*

Your mouth becomes an acid bath. Soon decay will begin to eat its way into the enamel.

But find the way to make the mouth glands work freely — a normal healthy flow of alkaline fluids, and automatically your teeth are protected. As fast as the acids form, the fluids neutralize them.

These constantly forming mouth acids, scientists agree, are the greatest cause of tooth decay. They can be kept back only by the free normal action of the salivary glands.

A tooth paste that restores the normal action of the mouth glands

Pebeco gives you a healthy mouth—a mouth in which the mouth glands work as they should.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from the salivary glands begin to flow more freely. These alkaline fluids pour through the mouth—in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot go.

They wash out the mouth and neutralize the acids. As fast as the acids form they continue to do this.

Why *everyone* needs this tooth paste

It is not a question of a few here and there who need to stimulate the mouth glands to normal action. It is a general condition due to our present day diet —our soft, cooked, mushy food.

The lack of sufficient chewing has tended to make the mouth glands of all civilized people weak and inactive.

We cannot go back to raw meat and roots. But by the use of Pebeco we can keep our mouths healthy—our glands active and our teeth sound.

Send Coupon for Free Generous Tube

That clean, tingling feeling of a healthy, revitalized mouth

Pebeco leaves your mouth in a healthy, tingling condition — invigorated — revitalized. Its tonic effect extends to your gums — your palate — even to your tonsils, some physicians say.

This is the sane, natural way to protect your teeth. Don't waste your time brushing with a tooth paste whose effect is over as soon as you hang up your brush. Clean your teeth so that they stay clean—protected constantly from the acids of decay.

Women are learning from men that Pebeco gives lasting cleanliness

Men have always found Pebeco the only tooth paste that gives them any feeling of lasting cleanliness. After once experiencing that refreshing tingling cleanliness they have found they cannot go back to ordinary sweet-tasting pastes whose effect is gone in a few minutes.

Now thousands of women, too, are turning to Pebeco as the only tooth paste that makes their teeth *really permanently clean*. Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists.

Strong white teeth add to any man's personality. The constant use of Pebeco keeps your mouth healthy—the surest way to keep your teeth strong and white.

Free Offer

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. H10
635 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Norma Talmadge Reveals "Secrets"

There's More Behind a Golden Wedding Than Many Folks Would Think

NORMA TALMADGE, "just married" and fifty years after, who in "Secrets" draws aside the curtain, revealing how what the world calls "A Happy Marriage" is made that little thing.

(NEXT WEEK you'll learn just how we enjoyed "Girl Shy," as rendered by Harold Lloyd.)

"SECRETS"

Produced by First National. Directed by Frank Borzage.

THE CAST:

Mary Carlton	Norma Talmadge
John Carlton	Eugene O'Brien
Dr. Arbuthnot	Winter Hall
John Carlton Jr. (as a boy)	Francis Feeney
John Carlton Jr. (as a man)	George Cowl
Robert Carlton (as a boy)	Winston Miller
Robert Carlton (as a man)	Frank Elliott
Blanche Carlton (as a girl)	Alice Day
Blanche (grown to womanhood)	Florence Wix
Audrey Carlton (as a girl)	May Giraci
Audrey (grown to womanhood)	Clarissa Selwynne
Susan, the maid	Patterson Dial
Mrs. Marlowe	Emily Fitzroy
Aunt Elizabeth	Claire McDowell
William Marlowe	George Nichols
Bob	Harvey Clark
Dr. McGovern	Charles Ogle
Mrs. Mainwaring	Gertrude Astor

By Frances Peck

HELLO, there!

It seems to me that "Secrets" is quite the best picture Miss Talmadge has ever made.

You begin to bristle? I know—you're thinking of "Smilin' Through." BUT "Secrets" goes "Smilin' Through" just one better.

This film was adapted from the stage success of the same name. It's a real drama of married life that takes you behind the scenes and shows you some of the secrets of makeup that enable what is known as a Successful Marriage to look charming when the spotlight's turned on it.

"How did they do it!" most of the world exclaims when it reads of some couple who have reached their golden wedding anniversary. "Fifty years—and still living together!"

The popular idea is that the man and the woman in the case played in pure luck. No such thing.

Miss Talmadge delights you with her beauty and charm during the picture. She is going to thrill you with her finesse. You will be for and with her every minute from the beginning of the first reel, when she is youth and beauty personified, to the last of the tenth, when, as a feeble old lady, she rises to go to her husband, who is fretfully calling for her, and pauses tremulously before a mirror to pat her hair and adjust her cap.

"Do I look all right?" she asks wistfully. She adds with a misty touch of humor:

"John is always so particular about my hair!"

* * *

Miss Talmadge must have spent hours and hours studying makeup for this particular film. She achieves a metamorphosis that is almost unbelievable between the first and the last scenes. When you first meet her she is the radiant and luscious Norma known so well to the screen world at large. A beautiful creature full of youth and life and ready for all of adventure and love that the world has to offer her.

As the years pass on and touch her hair with silvering finger tips she is still another person, a great and gracious lady whose buoyancy has been tempered by the things she went so eagerly forth to meet in the heyday of her youth.

Then she is the tremulous old lady, wearied with watching by the sick bed of one who will not let her out of his sight for a moment. Feeble—but gallant! Able in a moment of deathly weariness to turn a stern eye upon her now grown children, who are complaining about the sacrifices demanded of her, and say:

"Your father and I have loved each other for fifty years. There can be no question of weariness or self sacrifice when there is such a love."

* * *

Eugene O'Brien as the husband does good work. The director deftly kept him in the background. All the excellent acting of the supporting cast shows up as a richly effective curtain against which glows the dramatic portrayal Miss Talmadge gives of the married life of Mary Carlton.

"Secrets" has been excellently produced. It is one of the pictures of the year that you can't afford to miss.

See you next week!

ASK ME!

ASK ME!

Well—here we are again!

Like our page? I'm pretty pleased with it myself, and, judging from the letters we've had already, some of you are for it.

One thing you mustn't forget—we want to hear from you—fer or agin! We like to have our fur rubbed the right way, BUT we aren't dodging bricks.

Have you a question to ask regarding the movies or the people who make them? Have you an idea you'd like to see in print? Sore about something and want to come right out and tell the world?

Come right to this corner: there's welcome on the mat!

Don't forget!

* * *

JOAN OF ARKANSAS: Welcome to the corner! Mighty glad you like the idea. So do I. You'd never guess it, but "For Sale" is the screen adaptation of the "House of Mirth" by Edith Wharton. I asked what was the big idea in changing the title and was informed that the producers were afraid the public would think the picture was a Sennett comedy. Wouldn't it be awful if now the fans thought it some sort of real estate propaganda?

Dear Miss Tinée: I went to see Charles Jones in "Not a Drum Was Heard," and there wasn't a thing about drums in the picture. I lost track of the story looking for a drum. There wasn't a parade or an orchestra or anything of the kind in the film. Being a music lover, I left the theater feeling I had been cheated. What did they mean—"Not a Drum Was Heard"?

ELEANOR V. R.

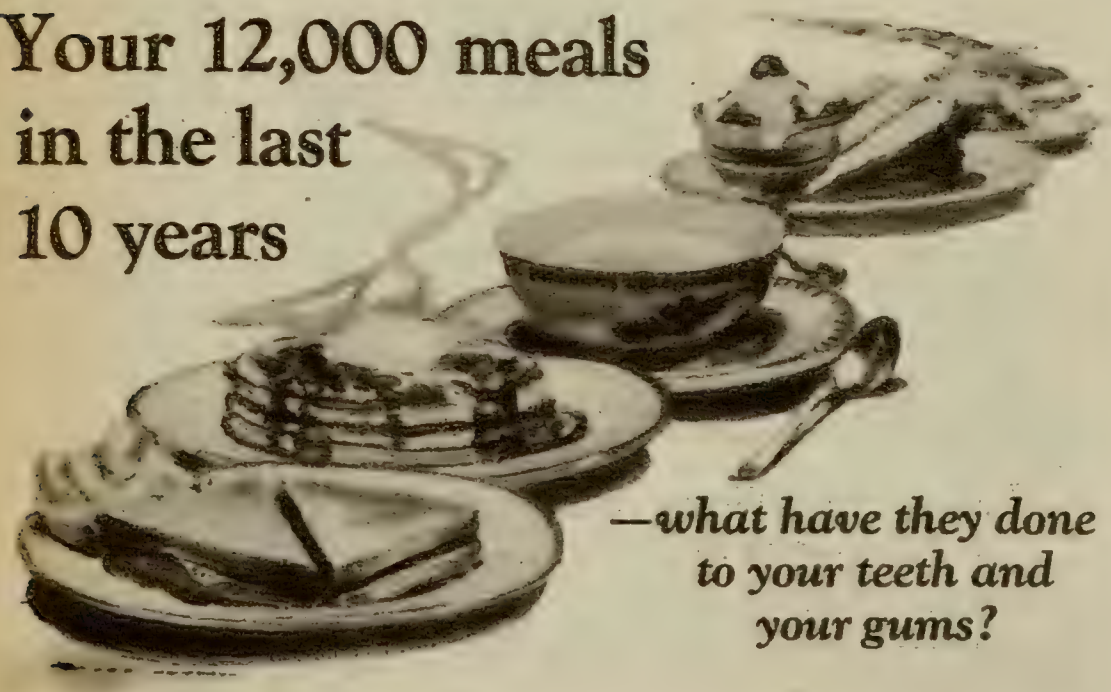
[Editor's note: O, that all the hero's noble acts were performed sort of under cover as it were.]

* * *

Dear Miss Tinée: I want to protest against those who keep knocking Norma Talmadge in "The Song of Love." Good heavens, I guess she has a right to change her style of hairdress and acting once in a while if she wants to. It makes me tired to read the ravings of these poor half-and-halfs who, because a woman is popular, can't rest. Because, you know, Miss Tinée, that's all that's the matter with half the knockers in this world. They're jealous!

ANOTHER WOMAN.

Your 12,000 meals in the last 10 years



—what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

THE TROUBLE you have with your teeth and your gums can be traced directly to the food you eat.

Three times a day, thirty days a month, all year round, you eat the soft food of civilization—rich, creamy and over-refined.

People who eat rough, coarse food never in their lives suffer from pyorrhea. Coarse food is good for gums and teeth. It keeps them in condition, for it stimulates blood circulation in the gums.

How soft food weakens gums and ruins teeth

But the trouble with present-day food and with ordinary brushing is one and the same. Neither stirs up the gums to healthy circulation. That's why you need Ipana, a tooth paste which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Use Ipana Tooth Paste—*good for tender gums*

UNDER YEARS of soft food and inadequate cleaning, gums are growing soft and tender. Troubles whose source is in the *gingiva* (gum structure) are on the rise. "Pink toothbrush" is the first symptom, the warning, of graver troubles to come.

It is because of the increasing prevalence of troubles from the gums that thousands of dentists have adopted Ipana Tooth Paste in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many dentists, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Because of the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana has the power to aid in the healing of soft and bleeding gums. Indeed, Ipana has become known as the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush, and the friend of healthy gums and teeth.

Try a tube of Ipana today

So that you may judge for yourself its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste, we shall be delighted to send you a trial sample of Ipana.

But the effects of years are not to be repaired in ten days of good care, and the sample tube will be only the start of good work. So, if your toothbrush "shows pink," or if your gums are tender, go to your druggist and get your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. Let it start its good work today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., *Dept. AB52*
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

His Side and Her Side of—

Illustration by W. B. KING

This *Marriage* Business

By Jim and Kathleen

Revealing What Lies Behind Most of the Differences of Matrimony

I. HER BIRTHDAY

By Kathleen

TODAY is my birthday. I am making a sort of celebration about it; not because it is of any importance—my birthday. But because it gives me an excuse.

I want to celebrate.

I think it will do something for Jim, too—my celebration.

I have been thinking about it for a long time.

Our life is getting to have such a flat, metallic tone. I ask myself where is all the charm, and warmth, and graciousness I used to take for granted would color my home, whenever I got one of my own.

We haven't any of it now. I doubt if we ever did have it really. It is no more, anyway!

But how can people like Jim and me have charm and distinction in their lives when just the ordinary demands of commonplace existence take every ounce of strength and will and energy we can muster to give it?

And yet, maybe, that isn't quite true. Maybe I am to blame. Maybe I haven't done all I could. The home is my side of the partnership. Perhaps I have given in too soon to the difficulties of everyday life these days. (Just for example: the difficulty of getting, and paying, one bad servant!)

I know some mighty competent women, competent, charming, and courageous. But I have yet to dine in the house of one of them who does all her own work and really enjoys the dinner. One woman cannot alone cook, serve, and preside over a dinner and do it all well. The simple physical demands of this one little job necessitate at least two people.

I do our own work in the apartment. I have all sorts of modern appliances for making housework easy—everything there is, I guess.

And I can cook a really delightful little dinner. Jim and I have eaten many of them. But I cannot, even just for us two, get it on the table just right and be an intelligent, appreciative companion all at the same time.

BUT what is the use of all this? Today is my birthday, and I am celebrating.

I have a maid coming in for two hours from an agency to serve the dinner. And I've prepared a little menu of the things Jim likes best.

And I've gone to the market to pick out everything myself, instead of trusting to the telephone—a thick steak, mushrooms, lettuce with Roquefort dressing, a home-made cream cake—really home-made—some special coffee that I have to go clear downtown to get.

So much for the little dinner. We'll begin with clam cocktail.

Jim always sends me roses on my birthday—red roses. I suppose he does it because it's the quickest and easiest thing. But there is something about the roses being red that pleases me a lot. I always get a real little kick out of it when I open the box.

And I am going to wear my black evening dress, with my silver slippers.

I saw a spangly scarf for five dollars on a sales counter when I was buying the silk for the new candle shades. I treated myself to it.

The whole regalia is even now spread out on my bed, ready to be

jumped into in fifteen minutes. And on Jim's bed — (I knew he'd say "What's the idea?" if I suggested his dressing)—I've put out some white flannels for him. He looks his best in them, anyway (so that's all right for me), and feels his best (so that's all right for him).

So the stage is all set. The name of the little sketch we play tonight is not going to be "The Wife's Birthday"! (Funny, but that title could only be for a farce, couldn't it? And *there* is some comment on marriage right there, but I'm in too much of a hurry right now to dig it out.)

Perhaps the sketch will be called "Charm Recaptured," or something like that.

* * *

Well, Jim has just phoned he won't be home for dinner. And I can tell by the way he hung up the receiver that he was mad, because he could tell (from my voice) that *I* was. And yet I didn't say anything — not a thing! What's the use?

And not even any roses.

By Jim

OF course I did remember it was Kathleen's birthday. I had it marked off on the calendar the day before. I was planning to bring home those roses myself, but the big opportunity came: Hines invited me to play golf with him. Now, if it had meant just a golf game, I certainly would not have given up that particular day for it, but I saw it meant the Keene Car contract.

The only weakness of Hines is golf. It is the only approach to him. I play a fair game, if I do say it. I saw my cue in this invitation. I would make Hines' golf look so good that, at the end of the day, he would be in the mood to buy anything I had to sell.

There was just about time to make the train to the club. I threw some money to Tommy, the office boy, and explained about the roses, the number, and where to have them sent, and I scribbled a note to go with them. There was the usual trouble getting Kathleen on the phone, and when I said I would be late for dinner I could feel the chill.

That's one thing about being married. The disagreeable words can be felt without being spoken. I couldn't explain it all, of course, in the middle of the office, and I went off indignant that Kathleen should be sore.

Out there on the links I forgot all about it. I thought about nothing but my game—because it was a double game. I was to play to lose by just the right number of strokes and not to be caught losing.

It turned out to be the biggest game I ever played, and I did it perfectly. Hines was the most delighted man I ever saw at the end of it, and the dollar a hole he won from me pleased him more than making another million.

He insisted we dine at the clubhouse. It was business, and I could not refuse. To be honest with myself, I would not have refused anyway. I was a little annoyed by the chill I got from Kathleen over the telephone, and, besides, Hines had asked some pretty big men to dine with us. It was not only business, but it was pleasant man company, the kind I liked.

While we were having a cocktail Hines said, jovially:

"You are so rotten a golfer you must be a good advertising man. I am just about convinced that I ought to give you a chance to show what you can do with that contract." That meant real money, and I was pleased.

IT was late when I got to the apartment. Kathleen had not waited up for me, which made me a bit huffy, because I thought I had given her a line on how important the day was for us. I turned on the light in the living room and looked at the vase where I thought I would find my roses. They were not there.

I went to our bedroom. Kathleen had retired to her twin bed. The night light was burning.

"Well?" she said.

"Well!" I retorted, a little sharply. "I got that contract. I'll say I did a good day's work. It was some day for us!"

"It used to be," she said, and it seemed to me she was determined to quarrel.

"Now you think I'd forgotten," I said. "I gave Tommy some money to buy flowers and have them sent. I didn't have time to see to it myself. Don't you realize I have work to do?"

"All men are constantly reminding women of that, forgetting Eve was cursed at the same time as Adam," she said.

"If you are going to be so unreasonable, let's not talk any more tonight. Let's not quarrel over nothing."

I said not another word. I got to my bed and glowered until I fell asleep.

The flowers came in the morning. Kathleen came in to awaken me. "I'm sorry, Jimmy boy," she said. "I was unreasonable. I am *so* glad you landed that!"

But somehow I felt afterward that she was cherishing an unreasonable grudge over it.

"Night after night" Jim and Kathleen stay at home reading. Jim one night recalls the drab, monotonous life of a couple in an O. Henry story and wonders if Kathleen's life and his are becoming like theirs. Suddenly he suggests they go cabareting. Kathleen's answer and her side of the problem of monotony are soon to be told in the second of this series of articles, "Night After Night."

"Well! I got that contract. I'll say I did a good day's work."

More Than One Hundred Miles An Hour And—

ONE WHEEL OFF!

DRIVER GUS SCHRADER'S RACING AUTO throws a rear wheel just as this unusual picture is snapped during one of the events on the Ascot Speedway, Los Angeles. The arrow indicates the lost wheel, still rolling. Many drivers have been killed in accidents of less importance, but here, despite the hair-raising speed at which Schrader's car was rocketing along, skill saved the day. Schrader stopped in time to save himself and possibly others from injury or death. P. & A. Photo.

United Photo.

FOUR TIMES MARATHON WINNER. Clarence H. De Mar, whose time this year, 2 hours 29 minutes 40 1-5 seconds, broke the 1920 Olympic record among others. At left—The start of the great American running classic in which De Mar triumphed.

Wide World Photo.

NOBILITY WINS! The stirring struggle at the finish of the Ashdown Plate, one of the big events of the racing season, at Gatwick, England.

P. & A. Photo.

WRESTLING, THEY CALL IT. These two Japanese are trying to settle the wrestling championship while 3,000 compatriots in Los Angeles look on.

P. & A. Photos.

Brighten Your Home!

A New Car! A New Home! New Furniture for the Home! Few of life's thrills are more pleasurable. And what a continuing joy if only the freshness and brilliance of their newness can be maintained—or restored, when lost.

It can be done!—The pride of possessing a well-kept car, a beautiful piano, fine furniture and woodwork need never be lost. There are several good ways to do it—the one "best way" for you is a matter either of experience or experiment.

You may prefer using polish with a DRY cloth, a DAMP cloth, or to polish with wax—whichever your choice, there is SPECIALLY MADE for your particular needs one of three Liquid Veneer Polishes—the DRY polish, the OIL polish or the WAX. With one of them, using your own chosen method, you can give your home—the furniture, woodwork and floors of every room—that enviously bright, cheerful attraction of freshness and newness. A trial will prove it.

Liquid Veneer Auto Polish "Shines cars like Stars." In flask-shaped handy metal containers.

Send for a trial bottle of LIQUID VENEER, the longest established and best known of furniture polishes, used with a dry cloth. The quickness and thoroughness with which it restores brilliance to finished wood surfaces is being proved daily by millions of good housekeepers.

Or ask for LIQUID VENEER MOP or SPECIAL POLISH (oil), used with a damp cloth for furniture and woodwork. For brilliantly clean floors use it with the Liquid Veneer Polishing Mop—the one famous for the full yarn center and the swab *so easily removed for washing.*

Or try LIQUID VENEER POLISHING WAX. Housewives are universally amazed with a trial of this product—first, because of the almost magical cleaning qualities of the wax; second, because of an unequaled ivory-like polish of extraordinary durability. Positively unique in its easy application and beautiful polish.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—You may prove without risk the merits of any Liquid Veneer Polishing product—by purchase from your dealer on guarantee of satisfaction or money back; or by sending 4c for trial bottle of either the Liquid Veneer or Mop-Special Polish; or 30c for 1-4 lb. can of the wax. Clip and mail the coupon today—NOW.

Reliable drug, grocery, hardware, paint and house furnishing stores recommend

LIQUID VENEER
POLISHING PRODUCTS

Buffalo Specialty Company
421 Ellicott St.,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

☐ Enclosed is 4c for Sample of Liquid Veneer Polish
or
☐ Enclosed is 30c for Sample of Liquid Veneer Wax

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

The Passing of Eleanora Duse

Whose Fame Challenged Bernhardt's *as the World's Greatest* Tragedienne

LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF ELEANORA DUSE, the world famous Italian tragedienne, who died in Pittsburgh April 21 while on tour.

From Copyright Photo by Arnold Genthe from Underwood & Underwood.

AT LEFT, DUSE AS FRANCESCA in Francesca da Rimini, written especially for her by Gabrielle d'Annunzio during their historic friendship. This was one of her great roles, first enacted in 1901.

AT RIGHT, DUSE IN LA CITTA MORTA, another d'Annunzio drama. Duse was Bernhardt's only rival as a tragedienne and was considered the latter's superior by some.

P. & A. Photo.

Which WAS the Greater *Bernhardt or Duse?*

The Remarkable Story of Italy's Most Renowned Actress, Who Was Born a Strolling Player, and Became the Divine Sarah's Principal Rival

By Frederick Donaghey

WHEN Eleanora Duse died, April 21, in Pittsburgh, she was half way through her sixty-fifth year, and was thirteen years younger than Bernhardt was when the latter died in March of 1923. Yet, by all tokens save the inelastic calendar, Duse was the older woman.

A physician who attended her while she was acting last January in Chicago said to me after his first visit to the silent, brooding, lonely, and unfriendly Italian: "She is the oldest human being I have ever touched! I have come from her shaking and upset by the sense of age she gives out. When I put my hands on her, I could think of nothing but the frightful dénouement of Rider Haggard's 'She'—a bit of trash I have not read in all but forty years. . . . Everything about her is aged beyond belief!"

The romantic theory is that Duse burned out: that she literally consumed herself through the intensity with which she lived within herself.

Her adulants—and they abound wherever she had played—insist that she faded, withered, and disintegrated through the very zeal of her devotion to the drama, and that age piled up on her in unfair accretion when she despaired of living long enough to carry out her mission of bettering the actor's art. . . . Duse for more than three decades had been what the reporters call "good copy": dead, she is still a source of inspiration to writers who prefer not to be hampered by either facts or probability.

One of the facts is that Duse was the last of the stage-giants who were contemporary with her. Her triumphs in the Italian theaters were a matter of cabled news in the American papers as long ago as 1890, so that she may be said to have been in the line of celebrity with Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Mounet-Sully, Coquelin, Salvini, and, of course, Bernhardt, whose name persists whenever that of Duse is mentioned or printed.

Another fact is that she was a wise, shrewd, and gifted showwoman, knowing to a comma the box-office values of print, and keenly alive to the cultivation and circulation of such comment and controversy as would seem to set her apart.

QUITE apart from any discussion of their respective talents for the stage, there is no question that Duse owed her universal celebrity to the propaganda that sought to establish her in public esteem as a greater actress than Bernhardt. The greater portion of this propaganda was sincere enough, and measurably unselfish, especially as it was taken up and carried along with passionate enthusiasm by writers about the theater in the United States and Great Britain.

Some of it had its origin in the understandable desire of German publicists to discredit French art as it was represented in so many of its phases by Bernhardt.

Italy's contribution to the campaign was chauvinistic and retaliatory. The Italian press, Italian actors and playwrights, and even the composers and singers bitterly resented the world's acceptance of French superiority in the field of drama and its interpretation.

The controversy had dulled somewhat when D'Annunzio gave new life and urgency to it by becoming the dominating factor in Duse's artistic, social, and domestic affairs.

He was in his personal habit the very negation of her dogma of "naturalism" in art: an ornate and obvious histrion, unreal in what passed for his egotism, seeking to shock the world with a calculation as nearly precise as Oscar Wilde's, and gifted high above any of his contemporary Italians as a poet and as an epic dramatist. How far his self-adoration and his passion for reactions would carry him the world learned from the high-power theatricalism of his Fiume exploits.

D'ANNUNZIO wrote plays for Duse, and in doing so provided her with a fresh celebrity. She turned from her old répertoire, and devoted herself to his works, which included The Dead City, Gioconda, and Francesca da Rimini. Her Italian clientèle, which had worshiped her, protested against her course; but she persisted. As a matter of fact, they were the only important works of Italian authorship with which her name was associated after she achieved fame; but the Italians, with all their pride in D'Annunzio as a poet, rejected the vehicles he provided for their most popular actress. Their argument was that an Italian should write for her plays that would glorify Italy and the country's history. A riot marked the première of Francesca; but Duse remained steadfast in her purpose to act in the poet's pieces.

When she brought the D'Annunzio répertoire to the United States for her second visit, in 1902 (her first had been in 1893), she was not successful.

She was at length made to understand that American theater-goers wished to see her in plays with which they possessed a measure of acquaintance in their own tongue; and she accordingly reverted to Camille, Fédora, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and like familiar matter. Her first visit had been devoted mainly to Camille, the play which made the desired comparison with Bernhardt most easily possible for the average theater-goer. . . . She was more successful with D'Annunzio's plays in London, where Shaw, Arthur Symmonds, and others had created a Duse and a D'Annunzio cult.

The storied break with D'Annunzio occurred soon after her return to Italy from her second American tour; and in 1906 she went into a retirement that kept her from the stage through fifteen years.

AMONG the striking tributes paid to Duse at the height of her vogue was the praise of other actresses in her name. Thus, it was the fashion for a time to write of Mrs. Fiske as the American Duse; of Mrs. Campbell as the English Duse; of Agnes Sorma as the German Duse. That any of the three was affected in her acting by Duse's is not probable: certainly, none of them has ever in the slightest degree suggested the methods or the theories of the Italian actress.

There was a time when any player could get space for an interview in the American papers by upholding Duse as against Bernhardt. The woman had become illustrious in a land whose theater-goers paid little heed to her until the visit which ended in her death.

The popular reaction to her on that final visit was among the phenomena of the theater in this country.

She returned to a welcome such as had never been accorded to any public performer.

Her first audience in New York is said to have paid more than $30,000 to be present to see her in The Lady from the Sea, one of Ibsen's plays which no English-speaking actress has been able to make vendible at ordinary box-office rates: $11 was the price of the best seats on this occasion. Nine subsequent performances drew to the capacity of one of Manhattan's largest playhouses.

Chicago, where she acted four times in two weeks, was less interested; but her takings there were far from despicable, measured by ordinary standards.

DUSE'S especial quality in the stage was such as to make impossible a satisfactory comparison of her acting with that of any other remembered player.

She knew the stage as well as any actor I have ever seen, and better than most of the others; for she was born in the theater and bred in it: was, indeed, of the Pagliacci, and had her artistic beginnings as a child in the little company of her strolling, undistinguished, hand-to-mouth parents, who were obscure players.

She was Duse in whatever rôle she undertook; and I saw her, here-and-there, in not fewer than fifteen. To what extent she may have differentiated the characters to her own satisfaction—that is, within her mind—I do not pretend to know. She always insisted that her Camille was another woman than her Mrs. Tanqueray, her Santuzza a different being from her Magda, and so-on; but the difference did not get across the footlights.

Duse was most satisfying when she acted Ibsen; but Ibsen did not write for the players of outstanding talents.

Whenever she challenged comparison with Bernhardt in the latter's own rôles, Duse lost. She had few rôles save in D'Annunzio's pieces that could properly be called hers. She was fascinating, compelling, and capable of casting a spell; and in characters that could be placed in alignment with her personality and her method she was the finest artist I have ever seen in the theater.

THE END

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WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

"They have a little girl called Elsie, who is rude and rowdy and shockingly brought up."

Friend Making—*By Arnold Bennett*

An Essay of Importance to Everyone

Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVECKE

PROBABLY it has occurred to few people that next-door neighbors are always peculiar, or mysterious, or quite unaccountable, or disagreeable, or unbearable, or criminal. This is extremely true of next-door neighbors in large cities.

Take a long street of similar houses, each with little front garden and long back garden, and a high fence between back gardens. The character of the houses and the gardens and all the appurtenances thereof would seem to indicate that the tenants are just nice, orderly persons with normal ideas and habits, and a strong tendency towards propriety and correctness; in fact, that their notions about the right way to live, love, eat, drink, and dress are very much alike.

Yet every household has two next-door neighbors (except the end households, which have only one apiece), and every household will tell you that its neighbors are most odd and surely not quite what they ought to be.

Nothing is known about them for certain, because it is difficult to see from one window into another and because the garden fence is high. As a rule not even the name of the oddities is known, though it may have been ascertained that they have a little girl called Elsie, who is rude and rowdy and shockingly brought up.

But the household can join one bit of evidence to another, add two and two together (and make either four or fourteen): The neighbors neglect the garden, or they waste their whole lives in cultivating their absurd garden; they play the wrong tunes at the wrong times on the piano; their gramophone is dreadfully cheap, or the wrong needles; they rise at such weird hours; they never go to bed, or they are always in bed; the husband takes strange trains to business, and has to run to them, or, being ridiculously methodical, he reaches the station leisurely and too early; or he has no apparent business or means of livelihood; the wife shops at the wrong shops; or she goes to the right shops, in which case it is said: "She knows how to get value for her money, she does. Hard as nails!" Then the window curtains (you never saw such window curtains), and the funny parcels that are delivered at the house! And the servants—why do they stay, or why does the mistress tolerate them? And what can be the explanation of that singular noise that is heard every night at eleven o'clock?

And so on and so on. There never were such persons, such an inexplicable family!

Thus speaks No. 10 of No. 9 and No. 11. (But No. 10 does not realize, or cannot believe, that No. 9 is speaking in precisely the same manner of No. 10 and No. 8.)

The whole street from end to end is populated by nice, normal people; who are also odd, dubious people!

Suspicion reigns in the street. There are no definite accusations. O, no! One must be just, and it is unjust to jump to conclusions.

But one has to be careful!

And so each household develops more and more the character of an island of rectitude surrounded by waters of the doubtful and the despicable!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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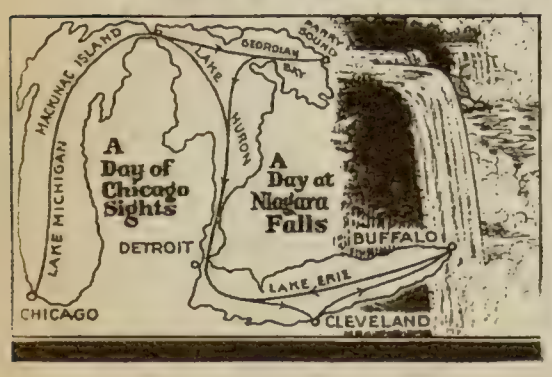


[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

You will say that the above picture is a gross exaggeration. It is not a gross exaggeration: but I admit that it is an exaggeration. I have exaggerated purposely, in order to emphasize and to make the point clear.

NOBODY acquainted with the life of streets of houses — far more interesting and baffling than the life of bees or beavers to whose study so much brain power has been devoted — will fail to recognize the essential truth hiding amid my exaggerations.

The complementary picture is a picture of a series of homes occupied by little groups of related people who, although continually getting on each other's nerves, are obstinately engaged in keeping themselves to themselves.

They have the need of intercourse with other homes, but, by the pride of their souls and the willfulness of their minds, they do all they can to discourage intercourse. From lack of enterprise and faith in mankind they deprive themselves of the greatest and most beneficial and the cheapest of all social distractions, thus forever narrowing their lives and nourishing the sinister and insidious plant of boredom.

And there they all are (existing, not living) in rows and rows of little solitudes, equivalent to desert isles, up and down all sorts of streets.

And this picture also is exaggerated, and this picture also is essentially true. I do not mean that no families have friends, nor that no threshold is ever crossed by visitors. But it is within my own knowledge that some thresholds are never crossed by visitors, and that some families have no friends whatever. And further, I maintain that the large majority of families have not nearly enough friends; in other words, that the marvelous institution of friendship is very inadequately exploited by the generality of citizens.

YOU may ask: "Why should I be bothered to make acquaintances? I have enough to do to look after my own affairs without looking into other people's."

To which question there are two answers:

First, unless you are unusually situated, you haven't enough to do in looking after your own affairs. A vast number of mature and respectable persons (if not the majority) go to bed too early simply because they find the evening tedious from lack of occupation. They can think of nothing else to do, and so they go to bed. A doctor once told me that people slept too much.

And the second answer is that there is no suggestion of being "bothered" with acquaintances. You don't make acquaintances with a view to improving their eternal welfare, but with a view to improving your own. Your scheme is, very properly, to get something out of them, not to give them something.

It is true that you do give them something — no doubt as much as you get. It is true that when acquaintance has developed into friendship you may have the rare and precious opportunity to render help in misfortune without receiving anything back at all—than which there can be no more satisfactory experience.

But all that is by the way. You make acquaintances in order to keep yourself alive. Millions of dead individuals go to and fro in the world and do not suspect that they are dead.

Nearly all friendless people — I mean those who might have friends but won't — are opinionated, narrow-minded, and disdainful, in addition to being half blind and half deaf.

Social contact, the friction of contact, is needed to stimulate life and to sharpen sensations. It is as beneficial to the mind and soul as massage to the body.

But none of the above reasons is the real reason for creating a circle of friends. The real reason is that it is amusing, distracting, interesting to do so. The real reason is seldom a moral one—and why should it be? To be interested in people, curiously and benevolently interested, not censoriously interested, is one of the finest resources a man possesses against ennui and the disappointingness of life.

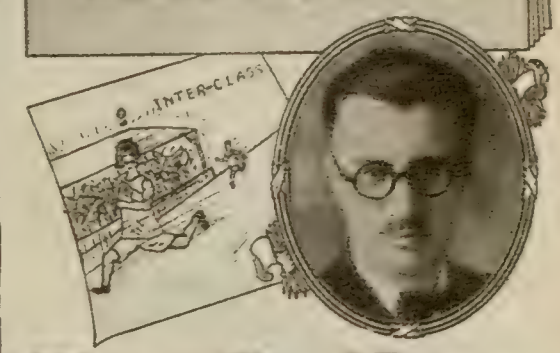
IT has been objected before now that friendships mean hospitality, and hospitality means expense which very large numbers of people cannot afford.

And who would deny it? But there is hospitality and hospitality. Many people spend a considerable part of their income on hospitality, regarding it—justifiably—as their chief and sanest luxury. The Anglo-Saxon races have always been famous for hospitality, in which they easily surpass the Latin races.

This, however, does not imply that hosts and hostesses are entirely wise in keeping house as landlords keep hotels.

Real friendships can and do flourish on an infinitesimal quantity of hospitality, the cost of which can embarrass nobody who is not habitually living too near the dangerous edge of his income. Impecunious people sometimes own securely quite large collections of friends.

"Do not take advantage of a growing intimacy to try to improve your new friends," Mr. Bennett warns us in the second article of this series, soon to appear. Its title is "Enjoying Friendship."



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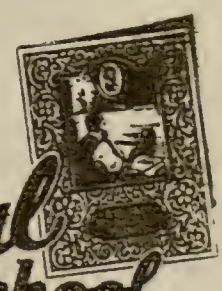

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What's the FUNNIEST THING *in the World?*

Let Jimmy Spriggs, Veteran Clown, Tell How He Makes Millions Laugh.

The Law just couldn't get used to being kidded.

By Harvey Deuell

Picture by HAMILTON WILLIAMS

"WHAT'S the funniest thing in the world?" I asked. And without hesitation Mr. Jimmy Spriggs responded, "A banana peel!"

The rain had been falling since mid-afternoon, transforming the circus lot, even in its exalted position on the bluff above the railroad yards, into a fetid marsh.

Night had failed to dispel the heat, for the month was August. But with darkness the downpour had ceased and only a few scattering drops remained in disagreeable reminiscence of the discomfitures of the day.

We stood beside one of the performers' sleeping cars, while over the railroad yards stole one of those odd silences which occasionally occur in the customary habitats of noise.

Puddles gleamed beside the long file of coaches which stretched, dark and mysterious, far down the track, to a place where a glow in the sky and a raucous undertone of voices proclaimed that the menagerie and the sideshow were being loaded on their cars.

All about us night closed in — making weird architectural puzzles of the warehouses that flanked the tracks — opposed half-heartedly by the sputtering arc at the nearby street car crossing and by the diminutive outposts of light that hung over the vestibules of the sleeping cars.

Presently, trolleys would pause to disgorge the troupers from the lot, who would come flocking with babbling tongues and carefully picked steps around the puddles and over the uneven ties to their coaches and their berths.

A circus is always an alien presence in a town. Its folks are human enough — as human, in their way, as the most rustic of those who foregather from the surrounding countryside to gape and wonder at them. But they remain aloof and mute, and usually superior, with a childlike insistence on the recognition of their bravado.

In the main street of the town they swagger a little. They are adventurous wanderers, masters of emergencies, persons of larger scope, who pause briefly to edify and amuse.

The average circus performer will not thank you for being sorry for him or her. But they merit it. For something is missing out of their scheme of existence — tranquillity, peace, repose.

THE rain stopped—overhead a star appeared.

"It was a night just like this," Jimmy said, "when I got the hunch that put me on the circus map. I was a young clown then and I wanted to get on. You know you got to invent your own stuff in that business. The circus don't tell you what to do. I'd been clowning for quite a long while, but I could see I wasn't getting far, so I was trying to think of something new.

"As I say, it was a night just like this, and I was lying in my berth trying to get a hunch, when all of a sudden I heard a couple of women talking right outside the car. It was pretty late, but the train had not started to move. I guess the women had been uptown or something. Anyway, one of them says, 'My Gawd, I've been robbed,' and the woman that was with her said, 'Get a policeman!'

"Well, I couldn't help but laugh, because who ever heard of a copper being anywhere around when he's wanted? It just gave me a little chuckle, but the more I thought about it, the more it appealed to me. What I was looking for, understand, was something funny that everybody would know about and appreciate, so I gave the idea a whirl.

"I bought a helmet, a uniform, and a couple

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

of pillows to make me look big and fat, and when I got in the ring I was everywhere I was not supposed to be and nowhere I should have been. Well, it 'knocked them off their seats.' It was the first time a policeman had ever been 'taken off' in the circus. The crowd 'got me' and almost laughed itself to death, and after the show the regular coppers 'got me' and threw me into jail.

"The charge was disorderly conduct.

"For the next five years I got arrested on an average of twice a week. The Law just couldn't get used to being kidded, but the circus management usually got me off. I only got stuck once. That was a night in Texarkana. The coppers cast me in the local cooler, and I paid the court clerk $11.70 in the morning."

"BUT how do you know you're going to make them laugh?" I asked.

"That's easy," said Mr. Spriggs. "All you've got to do is to follow a few simple rules. Did you ever ask yourself what's the funniest thing on earth?"

I confessed that I hadn't.

"Then I'll tell you. It's a banana peel. That's the only thing on earth that'll get 'em all."

"There's three things every funny man has to do. He's got to do something that folks will understand. He's got to do something that's real—something they can check up with what's happened to them. And he's got to do something interesting.

"It works out like this: When a man sits down on a banana skin, you don't have to get out a diagram and explain it. (You can't be funny unless the public knows what it's all about.)

"Another thing is that a banana peel is something that everybody knows is real.

"And the last reason why a banana peel is the funniest thing on earth is that it's interesting.

"Do you remember the last man you saw sit down on a banana skin? He was walking along with his chin in the air, wasn't he, as if he owned the earth? Well, next to seeing another fellow get into a fix like he's been in himself, the average person likes to be there when a stuck-up guy gets his!

"Of course, I don't mean that a clown could actually get out and use a banana peel to take a fall on the hippodrome track. Everybody knows a banana peel isn't slippery when it's lying on sawdust. The stunt wouldn't be 'real.' But the principle of the thing is the same.

"When I started out to be a policeman, I pretended I was stuck up, then let some one soak me on the head with a slapstick, and took a fall. It's old stuff — in a way — but it's always good."

THE END

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Lady Diana Manners

Her Recipe for Beauty Is Not to Have One

But England's loveliest woman bathes her face in cream.

By Antoinette Donnelly

THE man who said that beauty lacks a synonym admitted it does possess personification. In Greece it was called Aphrodite; in Egypt, Hathor; Mylitta in Babylon, and in Persia, Anahita. And these personifications were worshiped.

Coming down the centuries into the twentieth, beauty may still stand as love, alluring and undefined—yet all England would grant its personification to be Lady Diana Manners, who in private life is the wife of Capt. Alfred Duff Cooper of the Grenadier Guards.

The gods have been good in every way to Lady Diana Manners. Upon her, line and feature, coloring and charm were congenitally bestowed. Her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, was likewise a famous beauty.

Lady Diana's father was the eighth Duke of Rutland, her mother the daughter of the twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford. The Duchess of Rutland was one of Queen Mary's ladies in waiting and the beautiful daughter has always been a close friend of the British royal family.

If this be not enough to fire the imagination, the lovely Lady Diana has yet another appeal to the romantic fancy. She is a descendant of that delightful Elizabethan beauty, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

A curious resemblance exists in the old portraits of the Dorothy of the Elizabethan day to this very modern English descendant. Lady Diana's life has been one of high romance. Her adventure into the movies meant some battling to overcome the opposition of Queen Mary.

These scruples were finally overcome and so now we find this charming playmate of the royal household, after her successful movie ventures, invading the legitimate stage in New York, playing the rôle of the Madonna in that stupendous production, The Miracle.

LADY DIANA MANNERS

IF one goes to Lady Diana seeking the whys and wherefores of her exquisite coloring, her slim and graceful figure, one is destined to come away with a note book blank of honor to bleaches and face lotions, to reducing diets or daily dozens. Instead is written therein:

"She was just born that way and cannot help it."

One might expect, with all her ancestral background and affiliation with nobility, that Lady Diana would scorn so humble a query as to whether she walks her daily five miles to retain her enviable complexion. The beauty merrily confessed that she might stagger out to a taxi if she had to, but she'd rather not.

Daily dozens Lady Diana never did and never hopes to do. Getting up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning to take long, deep breaths before an open window, to touch the floor with finger tips one hundred times, to twist the waist to right and left, is not the ideal life, in the opinion of this modern Diana.

The only concrete beauty tip wrested from this "daughter of a Viking," as Nansen, the famous explorer, called her, is that she never washes her face in water. Instead she cleanses her face with cream and follows that up with an ice rub.

LADY DIANA was just born beautiful, was beautiful in childhood and girlhood, and promises to wear her diadem of radiant beauty for many years to come. She may suffer calamities which would leave wrinkles on another's face, but it is doubtful if the gods would permit even time to score a line.

Lady Diana is the perfect embodiment of calm poise and control of nerves and emotion. She never makes an unnecessary movement of hands or feet or expression. She is the most democratic of souls, and has a tremendous power of attraction, which, after all, is the essence of beauty.

Pure Saxon blonde, she is distinctly English. Her light blue eyes have small pupils and a curious deep rim around them which gives a distinctive charm. Her face might have been chiseled for a Grecian statue.

She is rather tall, her figure youthful, and she has the loveliest pair of hands imaginable. Her hair is bobbed, upon which subject Lady Diana is quite an enthusiast, believing that the time approaches when the female world that would be smart will all fall victim to the barber's shears.

Almost every English artist of note has asked the fair Lady Diana to sit for him, including the great Sargent, and her charms have been sung by no less a poet than George Meredith. Sculptors, too, have begged the favor and been granted it.

Yet, with all this adulation, this rarely beautiful creature sends one away marveling at her direct and honest simplicity, her keen interest in everything and everybody, and her total lack of "side"—isn't that what the Englishman calls it?

This is the first of a series of articles on beautiful women, by Miss Donnelly, that will appear in this weekly from time to time.

DO you want to know how much you should weigh? How to reduce? How to gain weight? How to acquire and retain a lovely complexion?

What exercises to do to keep young and physically and mentally fit? What to do to preserve the teeth? What to do to have glossy, luxuriant hair?

If there is any question on beauty or personal hygiene you want answered, write to Miss Antoinette Donnelly, health and beauty expert, in care of this publication. Inquiry must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work. You can do every bit as well as he did.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year. Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40 a day?

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You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only four average orders a day, which you can easily get, you will make $100 a week.

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BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address "Bright Sayings" Editor, Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, Chicago.

SHE GOT THE CHOCOLATE.

Little Helen was visiting. When the hostess proposed another cup of chocolate, she refused.

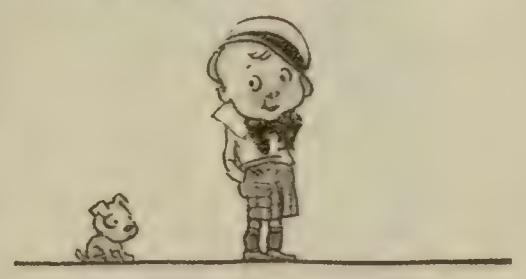
"No, thank you," she said. "My mamma said not to take a second helping. But I suppose she didn't know what tiny cups you have here."—A. C. B., Chicago.

* * *

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

Molly had been longing for a baby sister, but the new arrival proved to be a boy. When Molly was told, she remarked, resignedly, "O, well, there won't be much difference until he gets pants on."—B. C., Boone, Iowa.

* * *



ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

The stork had visited Marjorie's oldest sister. The doctor, who was an old friend of the family, gave the young mother a book on "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

"And how does sister get on with her new baby?" I asked Marjorie when the baby was about two weeks old.

"O, fine," she answered, unhesitatingly. "You see, a book of recipes for making a child out of a baby came with it."—J. R., Ames, Iowa.

* * *

SAFETY FIRST!

Little Billy was inclined to be selfish. His mother tried to overcome this fault. One day several visitors called on Billy's mother. Billy had just returned from the store with a bag of candy and his mother told him to pass it around to the visitors. Billy hesitated, but finally went to the first person, held out the bag reluctantly, and said, "Have some candy? It makes decayed teeth."—M. D., Quincy, Ill.

* * *

AND FATHER LAUGHED.

Maurine had to stay with her grandmother while her parents went on a week's trip. Grandmother was so afraid the child would become ill that she watched Maurine's diet carefully, even refusing her the usual amount of dessert and candy. When Maurine's father and mother returned Maurine reported, "Believe me, I'm glad you're back so I can have something to eat besides just food."—E. L. R., Portland, Ore.

Banff-Lake Windermere

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There are four Bungalow Camps on that Road—Storm Mountain with the biggest view in the Rockies—Vermilion River Crossing in the very center of the game country—Sinclair Hot Springs beyond the Iron Gates—and Lake Windermere in that lovely lotus-land, the Columbia River Valley, with the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers for an astounding side-trip....

You can hire a car at Banff or Lake Louise. Or go down the Road by motor-touring bus. Ask any Canadian Pacific agent. Offices everywhere. At New York, 44th St. and Madison Ave.; Chicago, 71 E. Jackson near Michigan Avenue (Straus Bldg.); San Francisco, 675 Market St.; Montreal, 141 St. James St.; Toronto, C. P. R. Building; Winnipeg, Main and Portage.

Canadian Pacific *It Spans the World*

Could you ever sympathize with a man-eating shark?

THE PRISONER OF THE REEF

By Beatrice Grimshaw

I

IF you were to travel the South Seas from Hawaii to the Kermadecs, from Easter all the way to Mindanao, you would not find in a lifetime of searching what John Francis Mitchell found, long before you were born.

A South Sea captain whom he met in Sydney fired him with the thirst for an island of his own, that most people experience at least once in a lifetime. Most people do not get their islands. John Francis did.

It was his dream, his god; he worshiped it, and was entirely happy. As for Mrs. John Francis, she died, mostly of boredom, within five years.

John Francis' only attempt at an overseer had got himself killed by a falling tree, incidentally causing the death of his wife, who had just had her first baby. The child did not become childless Mrs. John Francis' joy, as undoubtedly it should have done. On the contrary, she sent it to the native lines, saying she could not be bothered with it.

THE most unusual story of love and danger in the South Seas you have ever read.

Nor could John Francis, widower, not so young nowadays, absorbed in the driving of two hundred "niggers" from Niue, obsessed with the glories of his growing cocoanuts. The wives of the Niue boys looked after the child, and kept it out of his way.

Until there came one bright southeast morning when, with the year at the spring, the tropic spring that runs warm gold in the blood, all the little children of the Niue folk were as if they heard the Pied Piper calling from somewhere out to sea.

You could not hold the children that day. And among them down the length of the long beach—just as the lord of the island was issuing forth from his fine wood bungalow—ran, dancing higher, swifter than any other, a little white child, naked and very beautiful.

John Francis stood looking at the white child from under his red brows, and the white child looked back at him.

"How many years is it since the white woman, her mother, died?" he asked.

"Five times, Master, the hurricane season has come since then," answered the old woman.

"Five! You lie; this is like a child of eight!"

"She has seen five seasons only, Master. But Master says true, she is wicked enough for many years older."

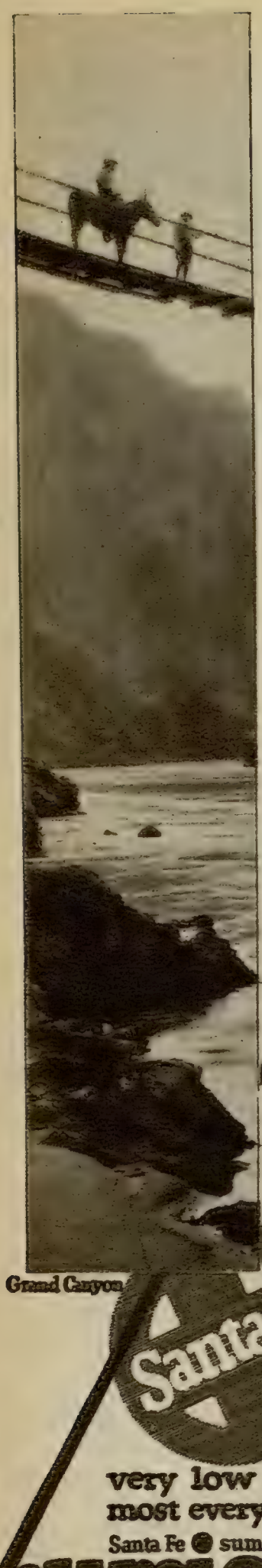
"I did not say so! The child is very fair."

"Yes, Master, fair as the devils are! We know all about the devils in our island of Niue, and many of them are very beautiful."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beauty and coquetry incarnate, she faced masculine splendor and pride.

Pictures by GLENN MITCHELL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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

"Call me the carpenters here," ordered the Master. The women ran, taking with them, in a hustled and driven crowd, the errant native children. The white child alone they left. She stood up in the sunshine, playing with a leaf; her hair, spun gold, fell down to her tiny waist; her eyes were as blue as the lagoon.

WHEN the brown carpenter men came, running, the Master told them to get over on to the farthest island, the one where nothing grew but grass and a few flowers. They were to take wood with them, and tools, and begin putting up a house, no native hut assuredly. The carpenters were warned that the place must be ready for the Master's return from a voyage in a schooner.

It was a very long time before the Master came back—how many weeks the laborers did not know. But the Niue man with the Chinese eyes kept them to their work when they wanted to lie down and chew betel, and dream, under the thick hibiscus bushes along the beach.

"The Master will knock some of us on the head and throw us to the sharks if things are not all right when he comes back," he warned. And the laborers listened to him, and kept at work.

Once, years and years before, a youth had stolen a canoe and tried to run away from the island, taking with him much of the Master's goods. The "little steamer," as they called the old fashioned funneled steam launch, went after him and brought him back. When he arrived he was tied in a bundle like a pig for killing.

Some of the women said he was dead when the Master ran the launch into the lagoon with him; some said not. But in either case the sharks made short work of him.

AT last the Master returned. And, as the sailor boys had prophesied, he did not come alone. On the deck of the schooner the men and their wives saw a white woman sitting. She had a shawl on, after the fashion of the day, and her face was hidden by the deep poke bonnet. But all the laborers were sure that she was white.

"The Master is going to marry again," proclaimed one of the older women. "A good thing, too."

She looked slyly at the Tahiti girl who was so absurdly indulged. The Tahiti girl looked down at her brown feet in the sand and did not speak.

When the boat touched the jetty a wave of surprise went through the waiting crowd. The woman was white, but she was not young nor fair; she was as old as the Master himself. She looked sad and depressed. The Master pointed out the island to her, with its pretty house, and she looked about her and sighed with content.

They talked long, inside the house. After a while, the Master sent a woman to fetch "the child," and the little white girl was brought. She stood in the doorway, the sun making rainbows through her hair.

"My God!" said the woman, half rising from her seat. "What a beautiful child!"

"You never saw one as beautiful, I reckon," said the Master.

"One," declared the woman. "My own little child—that they took from me and was lost, and I never saw again."

"O, your own—yes. Every crow thinks her own young one the blackest! But this—eh?"

"Who was her parents? They must 'a been like angels!"

"No, they weren't. Her father was a fine, handsome chap, some sort of Scandyheevian, but her mother wasn't anything more than yourself."

"It does come that way," agreed the woman. "But look here, Mr. Mitchell, that's going to be the loveliest girl ever born, one of these days. I know children. She's not the kind to go off and get ugly about ten, as some of them does. Why, Mr. Mitchell, I was a children's nurse."

"I know," said Mitchell. "I know all about you."

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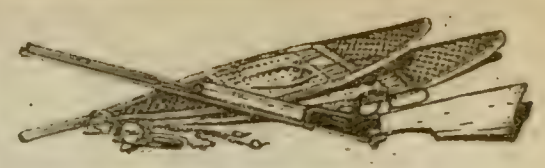

The TEST *of* Donald Norton

By Robert E. Pinkerton

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Young Donald Norton, fur trader, is thrust into the crucible of high ambition, race prejudice, dominating and enduring love. He emerges a man: clean-cut, fine, real!

Mr. Pinkerton has handled his theme with forceful artistic appreciation; his characters with infinite understanding. His story will long be the standard for novels of its kind.

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The NEW PERFECTED
WAHL EVERSHARP

Down the length of the long beach ran a little white child.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

The woman shrank back, and her eyes grew dull. Mitchell went on:

"You're right about what she's going to be. Now I'll tell you what you're going to be, and what you'll do."

Half an hour after, the white woman and the little white girl, with a few household goods, were rowed, in a big canoe, across the lagoon to the far island, where the bungalow had been put up. And that was the last the folk of the island saw of them for long, long days. A few old native women were sent across to act as servants; from time to time they were changed.

There was much talk at first about the stranger woman and the little girl, but month by month, as the same news was always brought—how the white woman sewed and cooked, and read a few books, and taught the child a few lessons—nothing that they asked was refused them—after this had been told many times, the laborers and their wives lost interest.

One thing they always remembered—that the Master had said no man, no tiniest boy even, might dare to go within a mile of the island, night or day.

GOSSIP will grow, even on a far island at the end of nowhere. It became known among the laborers that the white woman (Mary Boon was her name) had been shut up somewhere and that the Master had taken her out. Also, if she did not take good care of the little white child, he would have her put back again.

The true tale, a long involved story of a husband killed by an angry, luckless blow; of a criminal lunatic asylum with a woman in it who was far from mad; of influence that set her free on a kind of irregular parole, they never knew.

Mary Boon, elderly, tired, and sorrowful, found the island, it may be, a harbor of rest. If not, she never said so. On the rare visits of the Master, she received him civilly, and said that she wanted for nothing.

"Nothing," she added once, "that you could give me."

"What do you want that I couldn't give?" asked the planter vainglorіously.

"My baby," said the woman, and turned away her head.

"Drat your baby," snapped Mitchell, but he spoke under his breath.

"Your baby," he said aloud, "would be a pretty hearty kid by now."

Mary Boon glanced at the little white girl, whom she, in a fit of sentimental mid-century loyalty, had named "Victoria."

Victoria was growing tall as the years went by. She was now almost thirteen, and very womanly to look at. A more lovely creature since the days of Helen was never born for the undoing of man.

The Master looked at the gold and white fairy thing that bent before him, making the pretty curtsey Mary Boon had taught her, and caught his breath sharply.

"You're quite happy, little Vic, aren't you?" he asked. "When you are a grown up girl you're going to marry Cousin John, eh?"

Vic stared at his fat, baldish head, his hairy hands, and giggled. She liked him, on the whole. Almost she had come to believe, after all these years, that women were the only creatures in the world—except, of course, the Master, Cousin John. These small black pins that one could see waving about, far, far away on the big island, were not real at all. . . .

Many years went by.

Victoria was tall as a young hibiscus tree and slim and supple as a palm. Every day, like the fairy princess in the tale, she grew more and more lovely. With the growing and developing body the mind grew, too. She used to snatch hungrily now at Mary Boon's silly little novelettes and read them, trying to find out, to discover—what?

There was a great deal about men in these novelettes. Victoria could not honestly under-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

stand what it was all about. Men were Cousin John; Cousin John were men. He did not talk as they talked, nor look as they looked in the pictures. And Victoria was quite sure that she never "felt her heart beat high" or "saw all the world turn gold" because the Master's boat was grounding on the beach.

II.

ONE day the Master stayed long, and talked long to Mary Boon, apart. Victoria was told to go and gather shells. She went, not very loth.

Inside the house, with the green light from the lagoon sifting through thin reed walls, and the burden of the reef humming far off like a hive of giant bees, the Master and Mary sat talking.

"I settled it six months ago," the Master was saying. "The parson will come back with me from Fiji. No one can say I haven't done the right thing by the girl all through. Got her a nurse, had her properly brought up, and now bringing a parson all the way from Fiji to marry us, right on the square."

"Yes," said Mary in a sudden outburst of bitterness. "That's very kind of you—to yourself. How'd you keep a girl as beautiful as God's angels if you wasn't fast married to her?"

"I'm not so old," Mitchell muttered, pulling his ginger gray mustache.

"You're all of fifty-five," cut in Mrs. Boon.

"Well—that's not old age; it's the—the prime of life—more or less."

Once more the schooner left, with the Master aboard. Three weeks, he said, should see him back again.

He had been away two weeks and five days when a storm came up. Rising after midday, it swept the sun beneath a curtain of copper black, and set a fierce grip on the trembling palms. You could almost see its giant hands, laid about the long trunks, shaking them wildly, as they beat and whipped before it. Rain broke in a creaming squall over the lagoon, trampling its turquoise into gray. Mary Boon and her old women closed all the doors of the house and barred the windows.

In the morning an old woman paddled across the lagoon, braving the aftermath of the swell to bring exciting news. A vessel last night had been wrecked outside the island; it had struck one of the many reefs stretched in a deadly spider web near the entrance to the lagoon. Help? How could any one help when the Master allowed no whaleboat to be kept for fear of runaways? They had been up all night watching the white men drown.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Many women, by neglect or improper care, allow their EYES to grow lusterless, dull and sullen. EYES carefully cleansed and cared for should assume new lights and loveliness.

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Two had been swept ashore alive; that was all. The laborers had given them food and fire and shelter in an unused hut. Nobody knew what would happen to them when the Master came. Yes, he might be angry—but white men would have their way, and these were determined. At least, the young one. He said he had been looking for Louisa Lagoon this long time. A bold fellow, young and well figured. O, a fine white man! The sort of man——

The old woman wanted to make game of Mary Boon.

"This youth," she grinned, "has heard of your great beauty, Mary, and came a long way to see *you!* He asked us much about you."

"You mean about Victoria. That is very bad," said Mary uneasily. "If the Master hears about it he will certainly kill him, even though nobody would think of bringing him over here."

"I should think not, unless he wished to feed the sharks before night," said the old woman. "But it is you, not Victoria," she cackled. "He says that he will see you."

When the old woman was gone, Mary ran into her house and sat down on her bed. "I must be mad to think it is," she said, and rocked herself to and fro, with oddly twisted face. She did not want Victoria to find her crying.

IN the middle of that night she woke up. She was sure, sure that some one, wordlessly, had called. She was not at all frightened. She lay and waited. And presently, when the faint pat of bare feet sounded at the door, she sat up and looked, knowing well what she was going to see.

"Turn up the lamp," she whispered. "There is no one in the room but myself."

The tall young man in rough dungaree clothing turned up the light, lifted it, and stood staring. She knew the hunger in his gaze, though she had not seen it for many years—though when last she met those eyes they had been the eyes of a little child.

"Davie, my son!" she said. "So you found your old mother at last."

He made a step forward, and flung his arms about her.

"Mother," he said, and again, "Mother!"

"I tried—I tried," she brought out between sobs. "I couldn't find any news. And you were so little to be lost in the world. Davie, you'll be twenty-two now. Tell me everything about yourself."

He sat on the bed and told her, a commonplace story of adoption, of loss, of working here and there, at this and that; of a little money saved and a job found on a ship that was going to a neighboring group of islands. Yes, he had always meant to find her; and he was sure, when he came across the vague tale of a white woman housekeeping for a planter and his ward, that it was she.

"Now," he said, "it's your turn, mother. Tell me about yourself."

That brought her back. Remembrance came in a hot flood.

"O, my boy!" she cried, clasping his arm. "They'll have your life for this."

David only laughed.

"I heard all about the little beauty the old man's got on toast," he said. "Trot her out, Mother; let's have a look at her."

"You don't understand," she persisted. "He's God Almighty up here. He can do anything he likes! And there hasn't been so much as a baby boy on this island for twelve years."

"Time there was, then, Mother! What's the girl like?"

He got off her bed, and stood in the middle of the room, tall, dark, mischievously laughing. She could have fallen at his feet and worshiped him. She could have burned the world to cook his dinner for him. And if the Master came back and found him there he was as certainly doomed as if a rope were around his neck.

"There's only one thing for you to do, dearie," she said, shaking with the fear of her own thoughts. "If they don't know you came over——"

"Nobody does. I waited till they were asleep, and pinched a canoe."

"Then you must go back, quick, by the long side of the reef, and come in as if you'd been the other way, fishing, in case some one sees you. And——"

"Bless us and save us, Mother," interrupted the youth, "is this the girl?" And, without waiting for an answer, "Well, of all the slap-up litlte beauties——"

Mary Boon had forgotten that Victoria slept lightly. She turned around with a cry of dismay and saw the girl standing in the doorway of the room. Victoria had slipped her new frock over her nightdress and put on a pair of her new shoes. Her hair was coiled in burnished snakes about her head. She had snapped a bloom from the white hibiscus tree beside her window, and twisted it over one ear. Beauty and coquetry incarnate, she faced masculine splendor and pride, and saw, for the first time in her life, what the youth of her own race could be!

DAWN, while the mother and the son were talking, had stealthily gained the east. Day had come, and with it something else. While the two young things stood looking at each other, wordless, Mary Boon could almost feel, in that flesh of David's that once had been her flesh, the mastering thrill of the thing that is life, and better than life. She did not look at Victoria; she knew, without even troubling to think, that the prisoned, love starved girl was fuel to the flame in David's eyes.

"O, my God!" she said to herself, "there's death in this!"

Creeping paralysis seemed to have seized her heart, but she mastered herself, and harshly ordered Victoria away. The girl, obedient though unwilling, backed out of the room, keeping her gaze fixed on David till the last. Mary turned to her son.

"Davie," she said, "there's no good can come to this; get you away while you can, my boy."

"I think, Mother," was his answer, "it's too late." The light still lingered in his eyes, passion's afterglow, but his face had suddenly sobered.

With her lips apart to ask him what he meant, Mary was struck into silence. She heard what he had heard; the throbbing of a launch engine out in the lagoon.

"He's come," she said, and the look on her face made David spring across the room and throw his arm around her to keep her from falling.

"Set me down," she said. He placed her on the bed. "I—I mustn't get ill," she whispered. "I have to think. You—you don't know."

She held her withered forehead with both hands.

"I must think of something," she breathed. It was still in the room; outside the little lagoon waves crisped upon the shores; the two old women sang in cracked voices as they went about their early morning work. Of a sudden Mary's face relaxed.

"If you do what I tell you, there's a chance," she said. "Don't talk—put on this dress of mine. Take these berries and rub your skin everywhere it shows."

He obeyed her, glancing curiously in the mirror as he rubbed. He saw his face and hands grow brown; the woman worked at his feet, and turned him brown, too. Then she stood up and stared at him.

"Not good enough yet," she said. "Give me that knife of yours."

With its keen blade she hacked off the long tail of gray hair that hung down her back, leaving her head shorn and wild looking. She twisted a cord round the roots of the severed hair, and tied it about David's head.

"Don't laugh, for God's sake," she whispered. "Put that hat on, draw it well down. Now take this basket; go out at the edge of the sea, as far as you can get from the house, and begin gathering shellfish. The Master never looks twice at an old woman. Keep your back bent; stoop to hide your height. Hurry!"

She pushed him off at the back door, and stood, listening, with a ghastly face. The sound of the launch had stopped; footsteps were coming up the sand. Mary seized a gown and flung it on; tied a bright handkerchief about her shorn head, and stepped forth on the front veranda, cool and calm, looking at the morning sea.

Out at the back of the house, after some minutes, an old native woman appeared on the shore. She stopped and began picking shellfish.

THE Master came up the steps of the veranda. Behind him followed a rather tired looking clergyman, with a small Anglican cross dangling from his watch chain.

"All well here?" demanded Mitchell, glancing around.

"Quite well," lied Mary, calmly.

"This is my ward's nurse, Mrs. Boon. Mary, this gentleman, Mr. Raynham, says we can't have the wedding today. Seems he won't marry us till Victoria's properly baptized, and he won't baptize her till she's what he calls instructed. Lot of piffle, I call it, but I said I'd have the thing done in style, and I will. So the reverend gentleman's to have two days

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Who knows the dog soul and the dog language, begins in the May 24th number a dandy series about a lovable pup. It is called

TRUB'S DIARY

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

to make a blooming Christian of her—no more."

"That must be left to my judgment," said the clergyman.

"O, all right; who was glad to get a free voyage for his health, and fifty pounds for his church? Not you, I suppose. It'll be better for you and the church not to take too long. Now, bring her out. . . . Well, Victoria—where's my kiss,"

Mary saw hesitation in the girl's face, where hesitation had never been before. She saw something worse—a smear of brown berry juice. Sick with fear, she forced her voice to calmness.

"Careless girl!" she said. "You've never washed your face this morning. Let me wipe it. There." She pinched her fiercely. "Now go and kiss the Master."

Victoria went, white, staring, as one goes to torture. But the Master never saw. He kissed her hotly; and the girl, released, covered her face with her hands.

"What's the matter with her?" demanded Mitchell, roughly.

Mary urged the girl out of the room.

"She knows her face is dirty, little slattern," she said. "Go and wash it properly, Victoria."

Within the house a sound of splashing arose, fierce and long.

"Seems as if she was washing her face off," commented the Master.

He was not exactly suspicious, Mary knew, but she knew, too, that suspicion, vague, undefined, was not far from him. She watched him stroll forth on to the beach with the clergyman, pointing out the beauties of the island and the lagoon. She saw him turn to the rear of the house; then look along the beach. He came back again presently.

"You've only got one woman here," he said.

"Yes," answered Mary. "The three of them quarreled so that I sent two away. It was the fault of Mata and Okata. Lani there is a peaceable old thing if they would let her alone."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. And Mary knew that the danger, for a time, was over.

Scarcely had she had time to sense the relief before Mitchell turned to her carelessly and said:

"By the way, you might as well come back in the launch with us; I want you to fix up some new furniture I've bought this trip, and overhaul the house generally. Old Lani can look after the girl for today."

Mary stared at him dumb. What was she to say. She had been over to the plantation with the Master once, in a way, for a few hours at a time. In full daylight, with the old women guarding Victoria, there was no reason why she should not. But today—to go and leave David alone on the island with the girl who had never seen or spoken to a white man, save the Master, in her life—the girl whom, under fear of imminent death, David had found time audaciously to kiss!

"What are you staring at?" demanded Mitchell. "Are you coming?"

Fear leaped through her again, lest the thin crust of safety should break. David before all!

"Yes, I'm coming," she answered faintly, and together they went down to the beach.

It took the puffing steam launch twenty minutes to cross the wide lagoon. When she thought of David and Victoria alone on the island, the time seemed hours long. When she remembered Lani, the real Lani, who might be met with on the other side, the launch seemed to be rushing like a train! Thank God, none of the laborers was about. There was no knowing what they would say about the shipwreck and the strange white men.

ALL day Mary worked in the house, hanging curtains, arranging new tables, chairs, couches; decking the place for the reception of the captive little bride who had been her care so long. She had thought to greet this day as the end of all her troubles; the opening of the gates of happiness and peace . . .

It found her crazed with fear, starting at every sound; driven to wish, almost, that all of them—Victoria, David, and herself—were safely and comfortably dead. Then she recollected that such a wish—stripped of its qualifications—was likely to meet with fulfillment, and she did not know now what she wished; she dared not think what she feared.

She looked up from a task of stitching to see the Master in the doorway. His face was black with anger.

"What do they mean," he said, "by letting strangers on the island in my absence? What's this I hear about shipwrecked people?"

"I—I don't know anything about it," she faltered, letting the sewing fall.

He stared at her as if he suspected her of wrecking the ship of malice. Instinct, in defiance of reason, was leading him near the truth; he felt she had something to do with this. . . .

"Call the white men here!" he shouted to a native.

"Master, there is only one," answered the boy, trembling.

"Where is the other?" asked the Master in a voice like the rising of hurricane weather on the reef.

"Master, we do not know. He has disappeared."

With a sudden swing, the Master turned on Mary Boon; saw her white face, her guilty eyes.

"Lani!" he shouted, and continued to shout till the old woman, terrified and perplexed, came running as fast as her feeble legs would let her. He threw a glance at her long cotton frock, her draggling gray hair, her hat.

In a moment he had calmed down, and then, indeed, Mary gave herself up for lost. For out of the gray clouds that came over the Master's furious rages had more than once stalked forth the Pale Horse of Death.

"Come with me, you," was all he said, but the old woman shuddered away from her as she passed, following him to the launch.

She did not think of appealing to the white man for help. She knew that two hundred laborers, men and women, would support the Master in anything he chose to do. And in those days the island knew no law but his.

It was getting dark quickly, and the Master had some trouble getting up steam, though he had left his fire well banked in the morning. The shadows were deep on the lagoon when the slow, heavy heartbeat of the engine began and the launch pushed forth. Out in the deep, as they cut across, glided ghastly shapes—twenty feet, thirty feet long—the giant sharks that haunted the lagoon.

"That is where the man you let on to the island will go tonight," said the Master, breaking silence for the first time since they had started. He bent to pull over a lever. "And as for you," he said, snarling, with his head upside down, "as for you——"

HE never got any further. The remembrance of the blow, half guilty, that once she had struck for freedom came upon Mary and nerved her to strike another; mother-love and self-preservation blent in the force that drove her arm. Mitchell, top-heavy from his bent position, went over the side like a sack of ballast, and the sharks did the rest. The woman steered the steam launch to the island, and, fumbling among the taps and levers, managed to stop it in shallow water. Then she waded ashore and went up to the house.

There was light in the little sitting room. David was there; he had taken off his disguise, and washed his face, and was sitting on the cane couch. Victoria sat beside him. He had an arm around her waist. As Mary came in, they drew a little apart.

"It's only me," she said, looking at them with eyes that glittered strangely.

"You gave us a turn," said David. "We thought it was the Master, old devil! Where is he?"

"He fell overboard from the launch in the middle of the lagoon," replied Mary. "I should say he's been in hell near half an hour." While she spoke, she thought: "They can't help seeing; they must know."

David and Victoria both jumped to their feet.

"Hurrah!" said David, candidly brutal. Victoria cried, "Mammy, you must have been frightened half to death! Let me get you a cup of tea!"

"I'll get it for myself," said Mary Boon.

Out in the kitchen, as she put on the kettle, she saw not the smoke and steam, but the sunlight on far places of South America, the swinging of pepper trees in evening winds.

"They'll be happy—rich," she thought. "They won't want me."

From the sitting room within the house that the Master had built to prison his bride came the sound of David's laughter, and of a kiss.

THE END

She Loved Him, But She Wouldn't Marry Him?

Clarence Budington Kelland uses this theme as the central situation in his absorbing story of love and business, "The Also-Ran," to appear in the next issue of this weekly.

Incidentally he raises the question:

Must a man play second fiddle all his life? Must he bow to the verdict of others on his ability, and tamely watch his rivals pass him? Or can the One Woman inspire him to win success and its rewards?

If you're resignedly sawing away at second fiddle, it will do you good to read

THE ALSO-RAN

In next week's issue

Composite Dogs!
Can You Put Them Together Right?

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite dog are those of one noted for fleetness. The mid-section is of a dog the first word of whose common name is also that of a vehicle replaced by the railroad car and automobile. The hind legs are of one whose namesake furnishes the national sport of Spain.

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite stand for courage. The mid-section is of a dog whose name is applied to speedy ocean liners. The hind legs are of one who resembles a small Great Dane.

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite are of a dog whose vision while outdoors was confined largely to wheels and hoofs. The mid-section is of one whose snout is short and whose jaw is aggressive. The hind legs are of a dog the first syllable of whose name is a tint midway between black and white.

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

Solve the Puzzle Pictures and Win a Thoroughbred Dog! Your Choice of Any Breed—Male or Female —Full-Grown or Puppy!

AN Extraordinary Contest! Unique, original, humorous!

Every week, for ten weeks, a set of three Puzzle Pictures of Dogs will be published in this Weekly.

Can you cut them apart, put them together and name the breed of dog each picture shows?

It's easy! No work to do! Just prove your skill! You can begin today! On this page is Set No. 1, reprinted from last week's issue. Set No. 2 is printed on the opposite page. Set. No. 3 will be published in the next issue.

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs—*worth at least $25,000.00*—will be given away FREE to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

Your choice of any dog you want—a Fox Terrier, Boston Bull, Airedale, Spitz, Pomeranian, Police Dog, Newfoundland, Pekinese, Collie, Chow, OR ANY OTHER KIND, male or female, full-grown or puppy.

The contest is open to every man, woman, boy and girl. 500 Pedigreed Dogs must be won! An opportunity to get a genuine Thoroughbred Beauty FREE!

Names of Prominent Breeds of Dogs

(Those Shown in Sets No. 1 and No. 2 are included in this list:

- Airedale
- Newfoundland
- Pug
- Pekinese
- Dalmatian or Coach Dog
- Pointer
- Bloodhound
- St. Bernard
- Greyhound
- Collie
- Bull Dog
- Police Dog
- Boston Terrier
- Chow
- Fox Terrier

Start with Sets No. 1 and 2 Shown Here.
Get Set No. 3 in Next Week's Issue!

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A New Contest-Open To Everyone!

Unique, Original, Interesting—Start Now!

This is a _____

WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE SET NO. 2

The head and forelegs of this composite dog are of one named after a large city in Massachusetts. The midsection is of a smooth coated terrior whose first name has three letters. The hind legs are of one whose muzzle is long and shaggy.

This is a _____

WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE SET NO. 2

The head and forelegs of this composite are of a dog the first part of whose name is necessary to life. The midsection is of one whose ears point skyward. The hind legs are of a dog whose name is that of an animal hunted with horses and dogs.

The Publishers of this Weekly Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

[RULES]

1. Every week, for 10 weeks, this Weekly will print three Composite Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. Each Composite will be composed of three parts of different dogs. The three Composites printed each week will, when cut apart and put together properly, make three complete pictures.

   The public is invited to cut out the pictures, assemble them and name the breeds of the dogs. 500 LIVE, PEDIGREED DOGS will be given to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest sets of the 30 pictures.

2. This contest is open to everybody—ANYWHERE—men, women, boys and girls—*except professional dog breeders or merchants and their families.* Employes of this Weekly and their families also are barred.

3. You pay nothing. You do no work. Just amuse yourself by proving your skill.

4. The Puzzle Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the breed or kind of dog.

5. In all, 30 Puzzle Pictures will be printed—3 each week for 10 weeks. Pictures are to be submitted in sets of 30 only. Hold all pictures until you have the complete set of 30. Then send them to "Puzzle Pictures," Post Office Box 1539, Chicago, Ill.

   In sending pictures be sure to attach your name and address. *Also state what breed of Dog you want and whether male or female, full-grown or puppy.*

   All pictures must be in by midnight 21 days after Set No. 10 is published.

6. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

7. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase this Weekly to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. This Weekly may be examined at the office of publication or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

Three More Puzzle Pictures Next Week.

Out Next Wednesday
At All Newsstands—5c

Copyright, 1924: By The Coloroto Corporation

This is a _____

WRITE KIND OF DOG HERE SET NO. 2

The head and forelegs of this composite are of one whose namesake is known for cunning. The midsection is of one the last syllable of whose name means valley. The hind legs are of one whose name suggests a famous tea party.

How did your *garters* look this morning

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ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE

A Thrilling Serial Novel — *By George Barr McCutcheon*

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," etc., etc.

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

DID you read the first installment of this serial of laughs and thrills, published last week?

If you did, you already know that George Barr McCutcheon is at his best in this diverting chronicle of the adventures of Romeo Egerton—that Mr. McCutcheon has written the laugh hit of the year. But if, by chance, you overlooked those first scintillating chapters, just study over Romeo's problem. Here it is:

What's a young man to do when six—count them, six—beautiful girls seek him in marriage?

Now go on with the second installment.

PERSONS IN THE STORY

Romeo Egerton, 23 years old, tall, athletic, sandy hair, horn rimmed spectacles. Just out of college and acting temporarily as tutor for the two sons of *Oswald Oglethorpe.* Vocation: Being in love with *Eulora.*

Eulora Oglethorpe, 19 years old; big gray eyes, mop of blonde hair, petite, efficient, self-reliant; heiress to the Oglethorpe millions. Vocation: Being in love with *Romeo.*

Oswald Oglethorpe, millionaire business man of Philadelphia, with a summer home at Upper Slate Bend, Vermont. Age 47; heavily built. Principal vocation: Being *Eulora's* father.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

By day *Romeo Egerton* is timid as a mouse; at night, under the spell of the moonlight, he is brave as a lion. He seeks an interview in broad daylight with *Oswald Oglethorpe,* father of his beloved *Eulora,* and obeys meekly when ordered from the house, discharged, and forbidden to go further with his plans to marry *Eulora.* But that night—well, it is different. Under the influence of the moonlight *Romeo* returns to the attack on *Papa Oglethorpe,* and astonishes that millionaire by informing him he "wouldn't have him for a father-in-law." As he is leaving, up bobs *Eulora* from behind a hedge. She calls him a quitter when he starts to say good-by.

"There's half a dozen shes on the train," said the other. "Here's your letter. Grab it."

SECOND INSTALLMENT

"YES," protested Romeo to Eulora, "but I told your father I would not marry you if you were the last girl on earth. You heard what I said, didn't you?"

"Of course I did, you old dear."

"Well, my word's as good as my bond. I never go back on my word."

"Didn't you swear last night by everything in the high heavens that we'd be married in spite of hell and all its minions? Didn't you promise me on your bended knees that——"

"Yes, I did. I know I did! Absolutely! But——"

"Don't interrupt me. Didn't you promise that if I would set the day nothing on this earth or in heaven or hell could—I don't remember the exact words—but *didn't* you?"

"I did — indeed I did. From the very bottom of my heart I——"

"Well, then, what do you mean by saying you never go back on your word? What do you mean by saying your word is as good as your bond?"

"Don't be furious with me, dear. I've got some rights, haven't I? Have not I the right to choose my own father-in-law? Your father insulted me this morning. He called me a simpering idiot, an infernal upstart, a long legged boob, a —— those were the decent things he called me. You ought to have heard some of the other things. No! I don't mean that. I sincerely trust your innocent ears may never hear such expressions."

He relapsed into gloomy silence.

Eulora waited patiently, even tolerantly. "Well," she said finally, "do you expect me to wait till he is dead before setting the day?"

"Not at all. I release you from your promise."

"I didn't promise anything. *You* did the promising—all of it. You promised to marry me, Romeo Egerton."

"I told him right to his face I wouldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

marry his daughter if she were the only woman on earth," he began doggedly.

She clapped her hands. "Fine! That let's you out, Romey. You don't have to break your word! I'm *not* the only woman on earth, so that fixes that. Besides, if I were the only woman on earth I'd have millions of men to choose from—but that's almost what you said, so I——"

"Would you choose me? Would you?" he whispered eagerly.

"I wouldn't choose anybody else unless I was sure he was brave and had the courage of his convictions and wouldn't let any little trifle stand in the way of my happiness. No, siree!"

"Of course, what you just said about not being the only woman on earth sort of alters the situation," he explained, beginning to succumb to the spell that rendered Samson weak and pliable. "Still, figuratively speaking, Eulora, you *are* the only woman on earth."

"But you weren't speaking figuratively when you said it to dad, were you?"

"Absolutely not! I was just mad enough to be extremely literal. The trouble is, how can I overlook the fact that I said I wouldn't have him for a father-in-law?"

"Can't you tell him that you've reconsidered? That's what *he* always does when things go against him. Goodness, Romeo; daddy is the easiest mark in the world! I simply wind him around my finger. I get anything out of him I ask for, whether he likes it or not. I'm sure if I insisted that I had to have you he'd give in like a lamb. I've almost got him up to the point of buying me that roadster we've been wrangling about for two weeks. I just keep at him. Keep at him all the time. He——"

"Yes, but you're different. You are his daughter. I'm not asking him to give me a roadster. I'm asking him to give me *you*. And I can't keep at him all the time about that, can I?"

"I wouldn't pay any attention to him if I were you," she advised.

"What!"

"What right has he to say whom you shall have for a wife? That's your affair, isn't it? You've got the right to select your own wife, haven't you? Nobody else is going to select her for you."

"Yes, but——"

"All right! Good-by, Romeo! You have failed me in the supreme test of——"

"Wait a minute! Don't go away like this, dearest. I——"

"You don't love me," she whispered, stopping a few feet away from him. Her back was toward him. "I trusted you so—so absolutely. That's what I get for relying upon some one who is second best in everything."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Infantile Paralysis

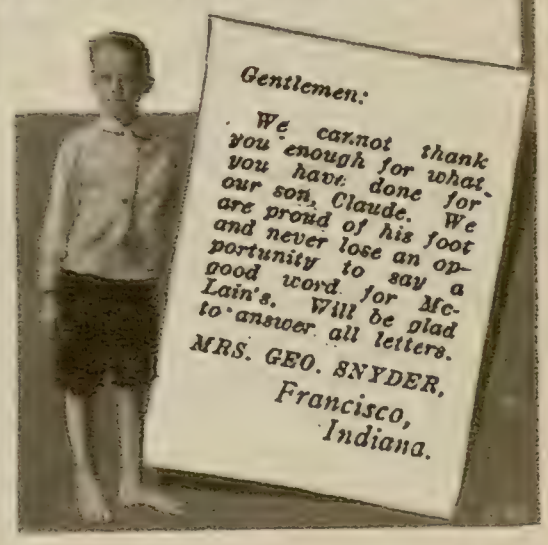
CRIPPLED 5 YEARS

This is Claude Snyder, whose leg and foot were deformed for five years before coming to McLain Sanitarium. Pictures were taken seven months apart. Read parents' letter and write to them.

Parents of Crippled Children

should know about McLain Sanitarium, a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," and "Book of References" sent free.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
999-M Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

"But I *do* love you—I do! Better than any living thing on earth."

"Well—prove it!" she challenged. "Stop that! Kissing doesn't prove anything. I won't let you kiss me, Romeo Egerton, till you——"

BUT Romeo smothered the words on her lips. He was himself again.

"Now, let's talk it over," he said dizzily, a few moments later as they sat on a tree bench, some distance from the hedge. She was in his arms—a little slip of a thing that sighed between sobs.

"Ha-haven't we been talking it over?" she murmured.

"I now ask you to set the day," said he determinedly.

"You—you do?"

"Yes, I do! Set it!"

"O-o! I hope father doesn't catch us out here together, Romeo, darling," she thrilled nervously.

"I don't care if he does," said Romeo, the ring of defiance in his voice. "Set the day," he repeated, almost sternly.

"Very well," she said dreamily. "Tomorrow."

"To—what?" he gulped.

"Tomorrow. Tomorrow night!"

"But, good heavens, Eulora—that's only a day off! We can't possibly——"

"Tomorrow," she said inexorably. "We shall have to run away, Romeo. Now, listen. Let's plan. What do we have to do first? Isn't there something legal to be done before we can be married?"

"A lot of things," he gulped.

"Well, let's think! Put your mind on it, Romeo."

"It's so sudden. I've never run away with a girl before. In the first place—as you know, and as I attempted to tell your father—I haven't any money outside of what I've saved in the last two months. That wouldn't get us very far. But as I told you and as I attempted to tell your father, I know I can save enough in a year or two to——"

She snuggled closer, gurgling happily. "Don't you worry about money, old dear! I have over two hundred in nice new bills in my bureau drawer—saved out of my allowance—and I can tap dad for three hundred in advance tomorrow. Money is the least of our worries."

"What do you think I am?" demanded Romeo, stiffening. "I'd cut my heart out before I'd take a penny of your money. You insult me when you suggest such a——"

"O, I love your spirit, Romeo," she whispered rapturously. "You are perfectly wonderful. But now, darling, be reasonable! You certainly cannot have any feeling about my taking my own hard earned savings along with me—now can you? It's mine! I sha'n't spend a cent of it on you. There's no more harm in taking my own money along with me than there is in taking my jewelry, is there? Or my tooth brush or my vanity box or Peek-a-boo or——"

"You—you are not thinking of taking that dog along with you, are you?" cried Romeo, aghast.

"I thought you adored Peek-a-boo?" in a hurt voice.

"I can't see any reason why he should elope with us," muttered Romeo, wiping his brow.

"Very well," said she cheerfully. "We'll leave him at home. Now, let's think. How about trains?"

"Now, you're talking," he cried. "Trains! The very thing! We can hop on board a——"

"Not so loud, darling! Father may be snooping," she whispered, peering over his shoulder.

"Let him snoop. I'd just as soon tell him to his face that I'm going to take you away and marry you in spite of what I said to him a little while ago. I suppose I can't help having him as a father-in-law if I marry you. On the other hand," he went on, "he can't help having me as a son-in-law—darn him! And, what's more, *I* get something out of it and he doesn't. I get you, dearest—and what does he get?"

"Nothing," she replied, without thinking, and added: "Now, let's think."

Half an hour later Romeo stalked away, bound for the village inn, where that afternoon he had taken a small room, after having resided for nearly three months in the home of his late employer. Never in all his life had he known such exhilaration as that which urged him blithely, confidently, defiantly down the long, moonlit road.

NEEDLESS to say, Romeo's exaltation suffered complete exhaustion under the first rays of the morning sun. He wilted; romance gave way to almost insupportable reality. He knew what had happened. He had lost his nerve. He wished from the bottom of his soul that he had not telephoned to his friend; he wished the confounded idiot had refused to help him instead of joyfully assuring him that everything would be "fixed" as "nice as pie."

The forenoon dragged on—the longest forenoon since the beginning of time. The sun blazed. It followed him into every shadow. O, why was it, he inwardly groaned, that the days were so much longer than the nights! Night—kindly night!

But lo, and behold! Storm clouds began to gather in the west soon after two o'clock. The sun seemed to slide down behind them; the darkness of early evening fell upon the earth. Romeo had prayed for night. Nature could not very well upset the laws of the universe by turning day into night to please Romeo or any one else, but it was doing the next best thing. Romeo's spirits rose as the unearthly darkness crept over the face of the land. He began to swagger a little, and, strange to say, the queer nausea with which he had been afflicted since daybreak forsook him suddenly and in its place came a great and intense longing for food. To this encouraging symptom was shortly added a most surprising interest in life, and out of that quite naturally grew the desire for action.

Now, the "plans" had called for his departure from Upper

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He became slowly aware of voices outside the shed.

"Wipe your feet, *for mother*"

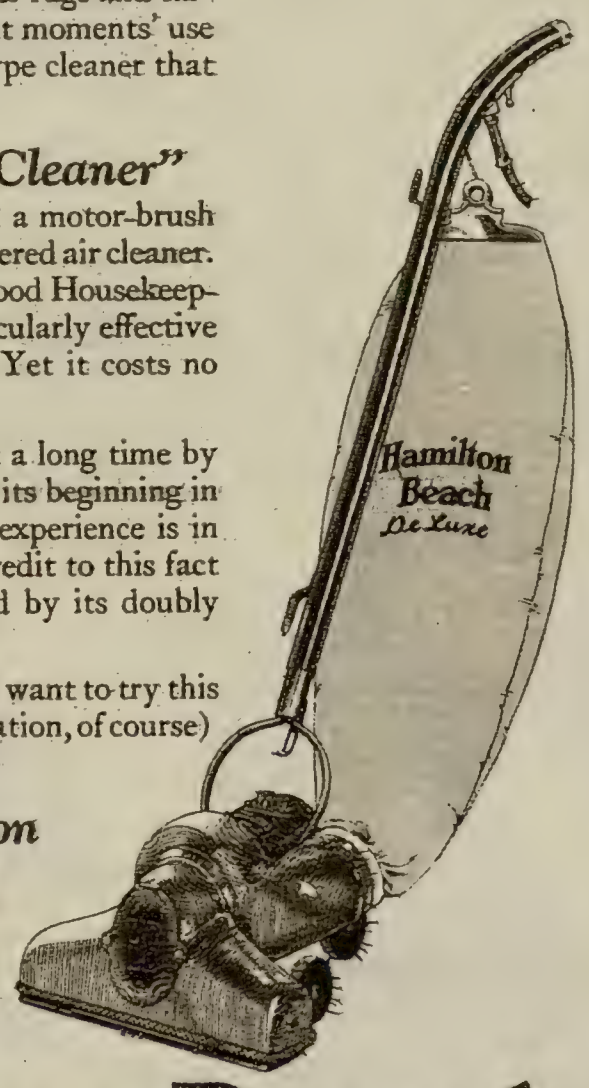
WHAT if Jimmy and Bill and Ed don't wipe their feet as carefully as Mother would like! Will it mean back-tiring, heavy sweeping for her; weary dusting, and bare spots on her rugs and carpet? Or will it mean a few pleasant moments' use of the Hamilton Beach, the new-type cleaner that gives double efficiency?

"The World's Finest Cleaner"

The Hamilton Beach is more than a motor-brush cleaner. It is more than a high-powered air cleaner. It is both! Which explains why Good Housekeeping Institute says of it: ". . . particularly effective in picking up threads and lint." Yet it costs no more than others.

It is made to be better and to last a long time by a manufacturing concern that had its beginning in 1802. Over 120 years of factory experience is in it. Engineering authorities give credit to this fact for its perfection, which is proved by its doubly quick performance, and long life.

Certainly, before deciding, you will want to try this 1924 Model Cleaner (without obligation, of course)



FREE *Self-Demonstration*

We will gladly arrange to lend you a cleaner for a self-demonstration. Write for it and FREE folder which tells how Super-suction added to the Motor-brush multiplies cleaning power.

Hamilton Beach
Vacuum Sweeper

[**To Dealers:** Just a line on your letter head will bring you a sample cleaner for unhurried examination. Also all the definite facts and figures in our unusual and interesting selling plan.]

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

Slate Bend some time between eight and nine o'clock in the evening on a trolley car that was to transport him to the junction, seven miles away, in ample time to meet the "local" at 10:27.

The spirit of night, vicariously introduced into his being through agencies entirely unsuspected, urged Romeo to action. So instead of waiting five tortuous hours longer in Upper Slate Bend he decided to shake the dust of that village from his feet before it was transformed into mud and rendered unshakeable by the approaching deluge.

By sprinting he succeeded in intercepting the two-thirty interurban trolley just as it was rounding the corner at the postoffice, sprawled aboard with his suitcase and umbrella, and was off on the first stage of the great adventure.

True, he would have five or six hours longer to wait at the dingy little junction, but anything was better than sitting idle in Upper Slate Bend.

As announced a long way back, Romeo Egerton was standing in the drizzle at midnight, so now we have succeeded in bringing the immediate past up to the uncertain present.

The far-off sound of a locomotive whistle struck upon his tense ears—one long toot succeeded by two short ones. Wish being father to the thought, he dashed around the corner and peered anxiously up the branch line. Nothing in sight! Almost at the same instant another whistle sounded, this one sharply imperative. He did not have to be told that this was the voice of the arrogant express. Something in the toot of the last whistle seemed to say "Clear the track, for I am coming." And, sure enough, the semaphore flashed, closing the crossing to the mousy little local.

Then around a curve was projected the raking gleam of the local's headlight. He dashed frantically back to look up the main line. A mile long streak of light met his gaze. The express! Emulating the most vigorous of college cheer leaders, he began to jump up and down, pumping his arms violently and actually shouting:

"Come on, you local! Come on! We've get 'em skinned! Come on, you local!"

And then around the curve stole the local, blinding him with the full glare of its headlight. Umbrella askew, he dashed down the platform as the train slowed up with many sighs as of fatigue. Past the combination baggage and smoker to the single day coach he hurried, and was almost bowled over by the conductor who, lan-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THERE is a remarkably simple new way by which any one can build up a comfortable, substantial estate. This whole remarkable plan is explained in an extremely interesting book, "Ali Baba's Cave Rediscovered."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

tern in hand, swung off the steps. The rumble and clack-clack of another train succeeded the dying wheeze of the local.

Three passengers, all men, got off. Romeo leaped up the steps and peered wildly through the door into the practically empty coach. Four or five women, sitting bolt upright; the feet of several recumbent men sticking out over the arms of seats into the aisle; no Eulora!

His umbrella got caught in the door as he started to enter the car. The nearest woman sat up a little straighter and glared at him, for what he said was plainly audible the full length of the car.

A voice from the platform reached him, a loud voice and masculine.

"Hey! Is your name Romeo?"

In an instant he was back on the platform, confronting the conductor.

"Yes—yes, that's my name. What's happened? What's the matter? Where is——"

"Well, I got a letter for you," said the man with the lantern, and produced something square and white from his coat pocket. "A feller gave it to me back at Upper Slate——"

"Isn't she on the train?" broke in Romeo, violently.

"There's half a dozen shes on the train," said the other. "Here's your letter. Grab it."

"I mean Miss—— Good Lord, she wouldn't be in the smoker, would she?"

"Not unless she's got pants on," jerked out the conductor, and made off after having thrust the envelope into Romeo's hand.

The express had come to a stop. Its bell was clanging impatiently. Romeo dashed to the nearest station window, opening the letter as he ran. Somewhere somebody else shouting "All aboard," somewhere else somebody else was echoing it, and then the express locomotive uttered a loud, drumlike grunt. Out of the corner of his troubled eye Romeo saw the long dark coaches glide slowly away. He was deep in the contents of the letter as the tail lanterns sneaked quickly, almost furtively, over the crossing, and were lost to view beyond the stationary local. He was still staring bleakly at the sheet of note paper when the local went rollicking off on its way to the next resting place.

This is what he read:

Dearest darling Romeo: I have just thought of a new and perfectly magnificent plan. I think I am terribly smart to have thought of it in time. See if you don't think so, too. It happened this way. When I tackled dad for next month's stipend in advance this afternoon, he said not on my life. The first of the month is still two weeks off, he said, and what did I do with the three hundred he gave me on the last first, or something to that effect. Then when he saw how disappointed I was he said he would give me the runabout for my birthday, which is the twenty-ninth of this month, only nineteen days off. He said he had already ordered it and it would surely be delivered to me on my birthday.

Well it seemed to me it was too good to be true. I never heard of such beautiful luck, did you? So I said to myself it would be a sin for us to run away until after I had got the runabout. You may not think it, but I have a lot more intelligence than either you or dad give me credit for. I am one of those people who can look far ahead. Now my plan is this: Just as soon as I have got the car and also my money which he will give me on my birthday if I am awfully nice to him and pet him a lot I will pick you up somewhere and we will make a bee line for the minister's. I am sure you will agree with me that it is a good piece of business on my part. Also you *must* admit that people won't stare at us and wink half as much as they would if we traveled in a train. They wouldn't even suspect we were bride and groom if we traveled in an automobile, especially if I did the driving.

Now isn't it a glorious plan, Romeo darling? I think it is an acme. My plan is for you to go on to New York as soon as you receive this letter and stop at the hotel we agreed upon. I will keep you posted on everything. Your address will be the hotel we agreed upon. I shall write you every day or so, but would advise you to disguise your handwriting when you write to me. Just as soon as I have got the car I will telegraph you where to meet me and then I will pick you up and that's all there will be to it.

I am sorry I could not let you know sooner about my wonderful new plan, but I had to let dad trim me at golf this morning, and besides I was feeling so good over the way things have turned out that I just couldn't help staying at the club for supper and the dance afterwards. So I had to give my caddie five dollars to take this letter with all its glorious news down to the train and ask the conductor to hand it to you the very instant he got to the junction so that you wouldn't be under suspense an instant longer than necessary. Don't you think I am awfully clever, Romeo darling? I do.

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

IS A VICE PRESIDENT IMPORTANT?

A striking exposition of the change in public attitude toward the man who holds second place in the nation's affairs, and in the office itself, is given by Mr. Henning

IN THE MAY 24TH NUMBER

With much love and many kisses,

Your devoted

EULORA.

P. S.—If you see your friend tell him to expect us on the thirtieth of August.

SOME one was talking loudly just outside Romeo's window. He opened his eyes, rubbed them—they felt gritty—and then stretched his mouth in a prodigious yawn, straining every aroused muscle of his long body as if in violent physical rebellion against the sleep that still struggled to retain its mastery over him.

Now Romeo's window was not a window at all. It was simply a capacious opening in the wall of a freight shed. His couch was a four wheeled express truck that had been left standing directly in front of the aperture. He had slept very soundly, and no doubt peacefully, on this unyielding mattress of wood, his suitcase serving as the foundation stone for a pillow made up of his bathrobe and pajamas.

He laughed as he looked over his shoulder and made out two or three poultry crates, each fully occupied, and at least one lorded over by a valiant rooster whose spirit soared far beyond the confines of his stuffy cell and went out to meet the rising sun.

Romeo sat hunched up on the truck, his back bowed, his feet dangling, his arms lying limply upon his thighs, the left in such a position that he was afforded a glimpse of the plain spoken and reliable wrist watch.

Five-fifteen, pondered Romeo; why, whoever heard of it being daylight at five-fifteen?

He became slowly aware of the voices outside the shed, hoarse, masculine voices. He slid down from the truck and by craning his neck discovered two men sitting not far away on the edge of the uncovered platform. They were rough looking fellows, decided Romeo, although his view of them was imperfect; forthwith in alarm he shot his hand quickly to the inside pocket of his coat. His billfold was safe, but to make sure he took it out and proceeded to count the bills. They were all there—eight tens, four fives, four twos, and a one.

The strangers were now arguing fiercely, one of them having dropped from the platform to the ground to emphasize his remarks by fist-shaking, finger-pointing, and shoulder-shrugging. The rather uncertain light revealed him as an elderly man and by no means alarming either in stature, apparel, or countenance. On the contrary, he was rather a well to do looking sort of a little old chap, thought Romeo, rubbing his eyes and yawning again. And he was doing most of the talking. His companion, still seated on the edge of the platform, appeared to have nothing to say except "Yes, but——" "No, but——" "Now, listen here——" and so on.

The object of the little man's wrath was a big, hulking young fellow. His hands were in his trousers pockets, his shoulders hunched up, his gray cap pulled down over his eyes; his attitude was one of surly defiance.

Romeo sighed.

"Something tells me," he mused, "that he's catching the devil from his father-in-law."

He replaced his pajamas and bathrobe in the suitcase, after having taken out his toothbrush, a crash towel, a cake of soap, brush, comb, and a clean collar. Then he sighed again as he passed his hand over his moist brow.

"And if things hadn't gone right I would have a father-in-law myself at this very minute," he murmured, half aloud. "Did I say 'right'? I believe I did. I should have said 'wrong.'"

He studied the face of his watch. "Five hours married, that's what I ought to be. Instead of which, look at me."

He sat down again on the truck and gloomily eyed a string of boxcars on a spur hard by.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go through it all over again," he reflected. "Only it won't be with Miss Oglethorpe. That's funny. Six hours ago she was Eulora, and now I can't think of her as anything but Miss Oglethorpe. Yes. I'm through with you, Miss Oglethorpe. Absolutely. Runabout or no runabout, you will never be Mrs. Romeo Egerton. I've been second best in almost everything, but I'm hanged if I'll be second best to a runabout.

"I've got to telephone Bill that everything is off and he needn't bother any further about the license and the preacher. No, I guess I'd better telegraph. Every time I think of poor Bill waiting up for the train, and his wife waiting up for it with him, and the county clerk waiting up for him and the preacher, and —Gee, I wish I could stop thinking about Bill and the way he's been treated."

He put on his spectacles and proceeded to write a telegram to Bill, using the back of an envelope for the purpose. Concentration and subsequent excisions finally produced this ten word result:

All off. Sorry disappoint you. Love to Fanny. Will write.

NEXT WEEK Mr. McCutcheon will tell you how Romeo learned something of the history of Moon Village and the five beautiful Barrons; particularly of the astonishing sacrifice of Susannah.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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Stop hurting in one minute

Quickly, safely, **you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They remove the *cause—friction* and *pressure* and heal the irritation. Cannot produce infection nor any bad after effects. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Cost but a trifle.**

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Put one on— the pain is gone!

Mail coupon for **FREE** *sample*

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213 W. Schiller St., Chicago or
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Gentlemen: Please send me a free sample of Zino-pads for corns and a copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet.

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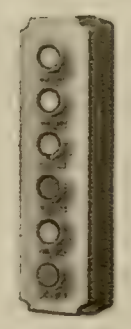

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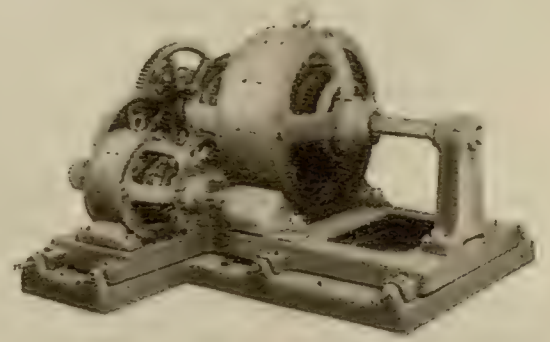

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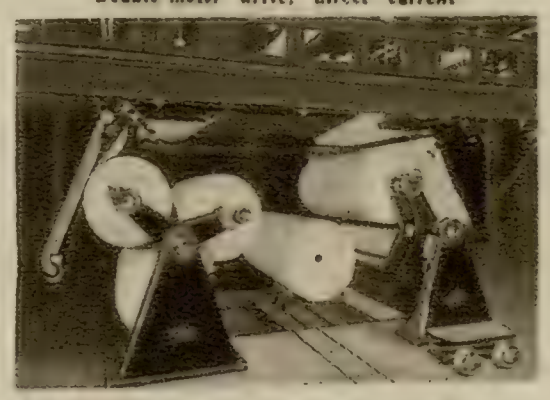

View of two Cline Roll Stands and tension belts, shewing provision for making paster without stopping press; also method of handling paper and chucking rolls without spindles.

CLINE ELECTRIC MFG. CO.

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MILLIONS WILL BE WAGERED TODAY ON KENTUCKY DERBY

Bet—

"He works off his emotions and lives to be a thousand years old——"

J. H. TRIEBEL

—and Drop Dead!

WARNS HUGH FULLERTON IN THIS MOST UNUSUAL ARTICLE

"LITTLE HUTCH" stood outside the "row" at the Jamaica race track watching a well dressed, diamond bedecked young-old man press his way through the crowd, speak in a low tone to a bookmaker, and, without a change of his mask-life, almost colorless face, stroll away.

"There," said Hutch, "goes a guy that's going to die of heart disease."

"Looks healthy," I commented, watching the man move slowly along, greeting people with a slight inclination of the head, stop to scribble a word in a notebook, stop again to whisper to another bookmaker.

"Watch him during this race," advised Hutch, who has lived around race tracks for twenty-five years. "If that guy don't drop over and die of heart disease, I miss my guess. I'll lay 8 to 5 he dies within three years."

I watched the man's face during the race. Not a muscle changed, but, in spite of that, the tense, strained look could not be concealed. He looked like a living corpse.

"Yes, sir," said Hutch after it was over. "That guy is betting $5,000 to $15,000 on a race. He's pretending he isn't affected by winning or losing, and he's tearing his heart to pieces.

"Now look at Big Jack over there. If he loses $500 you can hear him roar all over the track. He works off his emotions and he'll live to be a thousand years old. It's these guys who think it is gameness to hide all emotion that die of bad hearts."

Later, with a crowd of bookmakers, race track men, big gamblers, and handicappers, the subject was resumed.

"Repression of emotion killed Pittsburgh Phil," commented Ed Cole, one of the pioneer handicappers, who, in spite of the fact that he has lived on tracks most of his life, boasts that he never gambled, and that his wagers and operations are as legitimate as those of any business man. "Phil was the heaviest bettor of his day, and he repressed all expression. It killed him."

"IT will kill almost any one," commented a man who is known as the biggest bettor today on races. "The same thing killed George Siler, the famous referee, and it killed Frank Ives, the billiard champion. Neither was a gambler, but the same repression of emotion broke them inwardly.

"You hear fellows say that if they won or lost $50,000 on a race they would drop dead. They are speaking more truth than they know. The fellow who pretends that he can win or lose and be indifferent is as big a liar as the fellow who says he can bet one way and root another."

"You remember Ed?" asked a big bookmaker. "He prided himself that he never showed any emotion and that he was a game loser. His face never changed and he never moved during a race. He always had the stub of a cigar in his mouth and bit into it harder while the horses were running. He bet $20,000 on a race at Belmont and four horses finished heads apart. When it was over he couldn't find the cigar. He had swallowed it."

That the danger of dropping dead from the excitement of gambling is real as well as a figure of speech is proved by the fact that two fairly well known gamblers have dropped dead on metropolitan tracks within the last five years.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Vollrath Refrigerator Dishes

Save Kitchen Work

One Dish Does the Work of Three

Vollrath Refrigerator Dishes serve three distinct purposes, as illustrated in this advertisement.

First of all, these dishes conserve space in your refrigerator. Note how they are shaped so as to set closely side by side and fit right into the corners of the ice-box. Each dish has a flat, firm-fitting cover which permits one dish to be set on top of another, saving additional space. This economy of space makes a small refrigerator serve the purpose of a larger one, thus reducing ice consumption.

Again these dishes save for you when you cook or warm up foods that have been stored in the refrigerator. You simply transfer the dishes and contents from ice-box to stove. The next step is from stove to table. Food is stored, cooked and served in the same white enameled dish, thus saving dish-washing.

Vollrath Refrigerator Dishes offer an acid-proof surface that is the most suitable for storage of food. The ease with which they are cleaned and their snow-white beauty are essential qualities of modern kitchen ware. Made in four shapes and sizes, including a special butter dish. For sale at hardware and department stores everywhere.

Write us for circular describing Vollrath Refrigerator Dishes and their uses in detail and also for free copy of Mrs. Christine Frederick's book on kitchen management, "Come Into My Kitchen".

THE VOLLRATH COMPANY
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Every genuine Vollrath Article bears this blue oval label.

VOLLRATH WARE

FOR THE KITCHEN — FOR THE BABY — FOR THE SICK-ROOM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Perhaps the best example of the fact that the possibility of falling dead will not stop a gambler from betting is shown by a character named Harry. His doctors have warned him against excitement and told him his heart is weak. But he never misses a day's racing. He places his bets and then, being afraid that watching a close finish may be his finish, he gets under the stand and waits until the race is over. Some day he'll take a peep at the track and die.

HOW much money can be wagered on a single race by one man is a guess. Arnold Rothstein, who, when active on the turf, was considered one of the heaviest bettors, says that once he wagered $300,000 on one race. Bets of $100,000 up on special events are not infrequent. Harry Sinclair is said to have bet $200,000 on the Zev-Papyrus race.

A regular player, however, has extreme difficulty in placing as much as $20,000 on a single race, unless as a straight wager with some bookmaker, or some gambler with a different opinion.

There is in New York a man who is known as the heaviest bettor on the American turf and one of the most successful.

"It is an odd thing," he said. "I am extremely careful with money and never waste it or throw it away. It is real money to me, because I know the worth of money. I'll tell you that almost any one suffers who bets a big lot of money on a race. He really suffers inwardly, no matter how straight he may keep his face or how well he can pretend to 'be game.' It hurts to lose, and I have a queer way of passing it up.

"Suppose I lose $20,000. If I let myself think about it, and start figuring how much money that is, I'd be hurt, and perhaps lose my nerve. It is a lot of money, I know, because I have lost that much or more lots of times, and yet it doesn't hurt me as much to lose it in betting at the track as it did to lose it in business.

"I kid myself into believing that it doesn't amount to much. 'O, that isn't much,' I argue to myself. 'That's only $100 a month interest and I can afford to lose that.' But suppose I figured this way: 'Twenty thousand—why, that is the interest on a quarter of a million dollars!' If I figured that way I'd probably go crazy."

THE science of betting itself is an exact one with the big fellows who make it a business. The theory of the successful bettors is to bet only certain amounts on races of a certain class. Attempts to "double out" and such systems are seldom made except by plunging gamblers. While no general rule applies, some of the cardinal principles follow:

Never bet on two year old races.
Never bet on steeplechases.
Never fight a run of bad luck.
Never bet unless sure the horse is trying.

The big gamblers care nothing for stable information except to find out whether a horse is to be started to win or to get a workout. Upon this knowledge the gamblers will back their handicapping against even the opinion of the owner.

THE END

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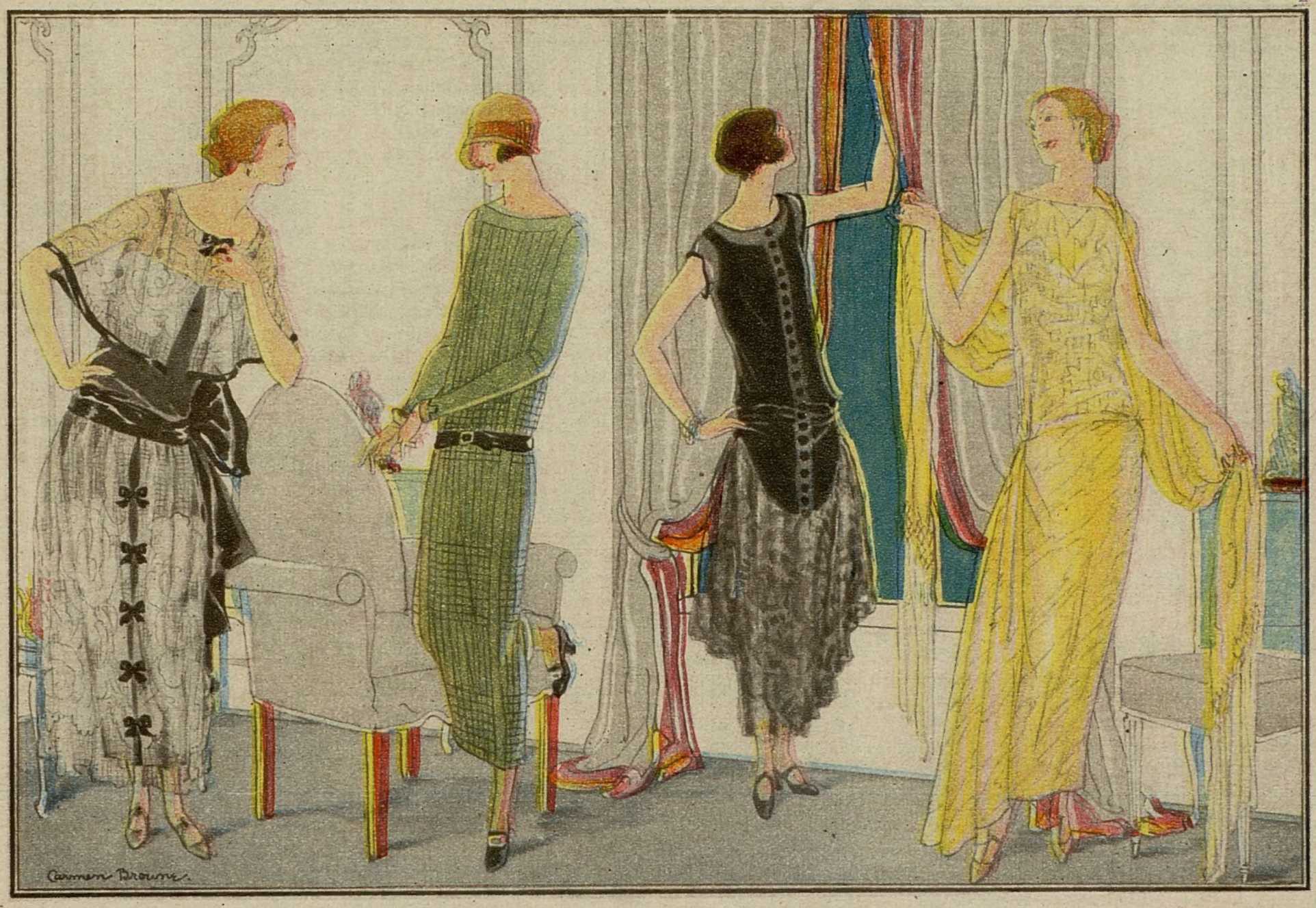
Even In This Alpaca Age Crepes Gain Authority

By Corinne Lowe



Reading from left to right: Keeping a-lace with the times, a black georgette adds much exquisite cream lace and finishes off with bows, bindings, and sash of black cire ribbon. A less formal georgette crepe shows how much can be done with a black patent leather belt and contrary-minded tucking. In the next crepe model black Chantilly is the mesh chosen. Last, a beautiful satin-back moire in banana yellow, combined with hand-drawn filet, enrolls a matching scarf with long fringe in self-color.

THIS coming summer is going to be a problem in subtraction. We have taken away sleeves and belts. We have eliminated all sorts of elaboration. Yet, in spite of this constant taking-away process, the sum of style is greater than ever before.

However, as against the minus column, we find an impressive number of "pluses." Last week I spoke of the capes, scarves, and shawls the designers have added to our frocks. Now I am going to touch upon the addition of silk alpaca.

Since last winter the fashion-makers have been busy swelling the total of alpaca creations. More and more types of costume have been developed from this fabric and today alpaca is the predominant factor in the season's materials.

The chief field of activity for this material is found in that simple, smart little frock which every woman needs for street wear, for the summer trip between country and city, and for the restaurant lunch. Here, so it would seem, is where alpaca functions at its best, and one finds hundreds of variations of this type of costume.

It seems impossible to separate women from black. We may be slightly black-bored, but still we bow to the unwritten creed that every well planned wardrobe should contain at least two black frocks. Naturally, therefore, the first selection in these practical alpaca frocks for general wear falls upon black. However, absolutely no color-line is drawn.

Frocks of this character usually adhere scrupulously to the triple alliance of long and often tight sleeves, the straight silhouette, and extreme simplicity. Braid, and especially ciré braid, is frequently the solution of the trimming problem. In this season when the tailleur has mounted to such popular favor it is natural that many will substitute a suit for the little general utility frock. Of course, we should have both. Yet if the suit should deprive us of the frock we are not, because of such shift, going to miss out on alpaca. Indeed, no! For here, too, alpaca has scored a tremendous success, and the most delightful of little summer tailleurs are carried out in this fabric.

Although alpaca is the season's outstanding fabric, its vogue has not affected the popularity of crêpe. For never throughout their long-sustained career have these weaves been more widely exploited. Crêpe frocks are made up for morning, afternoon, and evening, and they are, of course, now, as always, especially adaptable to the costume with accompanying wrap.

It is of georgette crêpe that the Paris designer of the second model on this page has fashioned an extremely wearable frock. He shows you that a crêpe nowadays may employ nothing but home talent, for, aside from a patent leather belt, plaiting is the only trimming admitted. He shows you further that to employ plaits in two directions is just now eminently smart. What could be more natural, for today plaids prevail as widely in New York as they do in Aberdeen, and this two-minded plaiting produces the desired checkered effect.

The belt of this frock is worthy of special mention, for many of the new crêpes add this same touch of suede or of leather. So also do the alpaca and wool frocks of similar character. This belt may match the costume, but more frequently it contributes a flash of vivid color, as, for example, red on a beige or black foundation.

Here we show this model in almond green, but it would be equally good—if not better—in either black or beige. In any tint it supplies an excellent suggestion for what one might call the passport frock, the one that takes you any place at any time up to six o'clock in the evening. Only the more formal afternoon occasion demands more elaboration.

For these more ostentatious occasions are intended the three other gowns. Also of georgette is the charming afternoon frock at the left. This is combined with an exquisite novelty lace in cream color and trimmed with the fashionable black ciré ribbon.

Another black georgette from a Paris designer occurs second from the right, and in this case it is a matching Chantilly mesh which supplies the inevitable lace touch. Last comes a gown which enrolls three leading style points of the summer—first, it is of moire, a silk rivaling crêpe itself; second, it is in the banana yellow so conspicuous just now, and, third, it possesses a matching scarf.

Smart Frocks That Suggest the Approach of Vacation Time

WHETHER you vacation away this summer or stay at home you'll want pretty new clothes that are as cool-looking and easy to make as they are attractive, so we are putting our pattern department at your service.

No. 2079 is a delightful version of the side-closing overblouse so popular this season. Sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the medium size, 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting are required. Printed silk crêpe or novelty silk-finished fabric would be nice to make it of, with the lower sleeve section of a thin material, such as georgette.

Cut No. 2060 all in one piece. Soft, clinging crêpes, satin, and novelty cottons are suitable materials from which to make your choice. Sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅞ yard 21-inch contrasting for cascade facing.

Made in flannel, ratine, striped silk broadcloth, or linen, this style, No. 1719, would be smart indeed. Size 16 years, 36 and 40 inches bust measure. In the medium size, 3 yards of 36-inch material and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting are needed.

Pattern No. 1710 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The medium size takes 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 1882 is a style that will be found becoming to both the youthful, girlish figure and the more matronly figure alike. Sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3¼ yards of 40-inch material.

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin [coin preferred; wrap it carefully] for each number, and address Patricia Patterns, Coloroto Corporation, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

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